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TWENTY-FOURTH ANNIVERSARY.

Reported for THE STANDARD by WM. HENRY BURR.

FIRST DAY—MORNING SESSION—CONTINUED.

SPEECH OF ROBERT PURVIS.

MR. CHAIRMAN: In allowing my name to be published as one of the speakers for this morning, which I have consented to do, at the earnest request of the Committee, it is due to myself to say that I have acted with great reluctance. Not that I am not deeply interested in this cause, nor that I have not clear convictions and strong feelings on the subject. On the contrary, my interest is too intense for expression, and my convictions and feelings are so vivid and overpowering that I cannot trust myself in attempting to give them utterance. Sir, I envy those who, with cooler blood or more mental self-command, can rise before an audience like this, and deliberately choose their words and speak their thoughts in calm, measured phrase. This is a task, sir, to which I am not adequate. I must either say too much or too little. If I let my heart play freely and speak out what I think and feel, I am extravagant, as people call it. If I put a curb on my feelings and try to imitate the cool and unimpassioned manner of others, I cannot speak at all. Sir, how can any man with blood in his veins, and a heart pulsating in his bosom, and especially how can any coloured man, think of the oppression of this country and of the wrongs of his race, and then express himself with calmness and without passion (applause).

Mr. Chairman, look at the facts—here, in a country with a sublimity of impudence that knows no parallel, setting itself up before the world as a *free country*, a *land of liberty!* "the *land of the free*, and the *home of the brave*," the "*freest country in all the world*"! Gracious God! and yet here are millions of men and women groaning under a bondage the like of which the world has never seen—bought and sold, whipped, manacled, killed all the day long. Yet this is a *free country!* The people have the assurance to talk of their *free institutions*. How can I speak of such a country and use language of moderation? How can I, who, every day, feel the grinding hoof of this despotism, and who am myself identified with its victims? Sir, let others, who can, speak coolly on this subject: I cannot, and I will not (applause).

Mr. Chairman, that I may make sure of expressing the precise sentiment which I wish to present to this meeting, I will offer a resolution. It is one which I had the honour of presenting to a meeting lately held in the City of Philadelphia, but to which I did not speak as I could have desired, for the reasons which I have already stated. The resolution is as follows:

"Resolved, That to attempt, as some do, to prove that there is no support given to slavery in the Constitution and [illegible] of the American Government is to argue against reason and common sense, to ignore history and shut our eyes against palpable facts: and that while it may suit white [illegible], who do not feel the iron heel, to please themselves with such theories, it ill becomes the man of colour, whose daily experience refutes the absurdity, to indulge in any such idle phantasies."

Mr. Chairman, this resolution expresses just what I think and feel about this new-fangled doctrine of the anti-slavery character of the American Constitution. Sir, with all due respect to the Hon. Gerrit Smith, who is a noble and a good man, and one whom, from my soul, I honour with all due respect—I say to the noble-minded, large-hearted Gerrit Smith, I must say, that the doctrine of the anti-slavery character of the American Constitution seems to me one of the most absurd and preposterous that ever was broached. It is so contrary to history and common sense, so opposite to what we and every man, and especially every coloured man, feel and know to be the fact, that I have not patience to argue about it. I know it is said that the word "slave" or "slavery" is not to be found in the document. Neither are these words to be found in the Fugitive Slave law. But will any man pretend, on this account, that that infamous statute is an anti-slavery statute, or that it is not one of the most atrocious and damnable laws that ever disgraced the annals of despotism (applause). I know, sir, that there are some fine phrases in the Preamble about "establishing justice" and "securing to ourselves and our posterity the blessings of liberty." But what does that prove? Does it prove that the Constitution of the United States is an anti-slavery document? Then Mr. Buchanan's late Message was an anti-slavery document, and Mr. Buchanan himself a great Abolitionist. Then were all the Messages of your contemptible President Pierce anti-slavery documents, and your contemptible President Pierce was not contemptible, but a much misunderstood and misrepresented Abolitionist. If these fine phrases make the Constitution anti-slavery, then all the Fourth of July orations delivered by pro-slavery doughfaces at the North, and Democratic slave-breeders at the South, all these are anti-slavery documents. Sir, this talk about the Constitution being anti-slavery seems to me so utterly at variance with common sense and what we know to be facts that, as I have already intimated, I have no patience with it. I have no particular objection, Mr. Chairman, to white men, who have little to feel on this subject, to amuse themselves with such theories; but I must say that when I see them imitated by coloured men, I am disgusted! Sir, have we no self-respect? Are we to clank the chains that have been made for us, and praise the men who did the deed? Are we to be kicked and scouted, trampled upon and judicially declared to "*have no rights which white men are bound to respect*," and then turn round and glorify and magnify the laws under which all this is done? Are we such base, soulless, spiritless sycophants as all this? Sir, let others do as they may, I never will stultify or disgrace myself by eulogizing a government that tramples me and all that are dear to me in the dust (applause).

Sir, I treat as an absurdity, an idle phantasy, the idea of the Constitution of this American Union being anti-slavery; on the contrary, I assert that the Constitution is fitting and befitting those who made it—slaveholders and their abettors—and I am free to declare, without any fears of successful contradiction, that the Government of the United States, in its formation and essential structure as well as in its practice, is one of the basest, meanest, most atrocious despotisms that ever saw the face of the sun (applause). And I rejoice, sir, that there is a prospect of this atrocious government being overthrown, and a better one built up in its place. I rejoice in the revolution which is now going on. I honour, from the bottom of my soul, I honour this glorious Society for the part, the leading part, it has taken in this noble work. My heart overflows with gratitude to the self-sacrificing men and women of this Society who have been pioneers in this cause—men and women who, from the beginning till this time, in storm and whatever of sunshine they have had, through evil report and good report, have stood by the side of the slave and unfalteringly maintained the rights of free men of colour. Sir, I cannot sufficiently express, the English language has not words strong enough to express, my admiration of the Abolitionists of this country, and my gratitude to them for what they have done for the confessedly oppressed coloured people in it. And in saying this, I believe I utter the sentiments of all the true coloured men in the country. I know, sir, there are coloured men, some of them occupying prominent places before the public, who lose no opportunity of traducing and misrepresenting the character and course of the Garrisonian Abolitionists; but, sir, these are men without principle, men who are actuated by the basest selfishness, and in whose hearts there is not a spark of genuine love for the cause of freedom. They value anti-slavery not for what it is in itself, or for what it is doing for the slave, but for what it does or fails to do for themselves personally. Sir, I should be ashamed and mortified to believe that these men represented truly the views and feelings of the people of colour in this country. They do not.

But, Mr. Chairman, I am getting away from the subject of the resolution; and, as I have occupied more time than I intended, I will bring my remarks to a close at once, making way for one who, though following after, is greatly preferred before us—one upon whom no higher praise can be pronounced than the simple enunciation of his name—Wendell Phillips (applause).

At the conclusion of Mr. Purvis's speech, the PRESIDENT announced that a collection would be taken up to defray the expenses of the meeting. It was the misfortune of the Anti-Slavery Society, having no large halls or meeting-houses proffered to them, to be compelled to hire a hall so large and magnificent as this, at very great cost, so that the whole expense of holding this anniversary would be not less than $500. A committee had been appointed, at a preliminary meeting last evening, who would solicit contributions of the audience, and in the meantime MRS. LUCY STONE would make a few remarks.

SPEECH OF LUCY STONE.

If any honest effort to serve the anti-slavery cause ever desired an apology, I certainly ought to make one for speaking here to-day. I came up to this meeting simply to bless my own soul with the earnest words that I knew would be heard here, and no one here expected less, perhaps, to be heard than I when I came in. But there is one thought that occurred to me, sitting here, which it seems to me needs to be said, and it is this: All the speeches that have preceded me have been like the resolutions to which our friend Pillsbury referred; they seem to have a little loophole out of which all the women in the audience will be likely to slip through and fail to feel what needs, on their part, to be done.

One of the speakers talks of the Methodist Church and its General Conference, the Presbyterian General Assembly, and the political parties; and the women listen and say, "The General Conference are all men; the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church are men; the political parties are men; what have I to do with their action? The Constitution of the United States was made by men, and, unfortunately, the Constitution does not allow me to express my action politically." And so, as the women sit and listen to all this talk, they are too apt to think that, although it is all very necessary to be said, it is not directed to them.

I know what it is as a woman sitting in the audience to listen. I know that, from the general customs of society, the field in which women act is not the field in which men act. There are few men who come to the platform to speak; fewer still of women; and from the various modes of popular action, appropriated by common consent and custom to men, women are mostly excluded. Still, women have a place and a position through which they may exert even a better and more powerful influence in their way than men. The influences that act upon men do not act upon us. We are not made timid in our action through fear that our commercial interests or our business relations will be injured. If we speak a word or do an act in favour of the slave, as a general thing we are out of the influence of the motives which too often control men's action. Now, I want to say to the women that we are really in the midst of a revolution, and, though the women are not in the open field where the bullets are flying, yet, after all, there is a power behind which is just as necessary in the great moral battle. We are like the main-spring of the watch, which, though concealed from view, moves the whole machinery. Do not understand me as saying that we ought to be concealed, but that the motive-power is in the hands of those who are the especial guardians of the race at that early period when the characters of men are moulded. It is not possible for the child that comes tottling at your side, that sits listening upon your knee and hears your words of instruction, not to be influenced in its future action by your teaching. Now, when there is a personal liberty bill before the country, tell it in your household and explain to your little child the reason of it; and forget not, at the same time, to tell them that, to the shame of the community, woman can have nothing to do with making that personal liberty bill, but is utterly shut out from all political action by the theory of the government. And when the Dred Scott decision springs upon us, and half the nation stands aghast, tell your household what will be the result, and the smallest child can comprehend you. And when men are shot down in Kansas, tell your children why it is and what is the cause lying beneath the surface that makes it so, and, from the smallest to the largest in your household, the influence of your words will be felt. Why is it that children will sacrifice their candy and devote their pennies to the sending of a tract to heathen children five thousand miles away? It is because their mothers take them upon their knee and tell them, in a way that only mothers can tell, of the needs of the little children in heathen lands. Just as those mothers make the missionary treasury to grow fuller, just so can we make the treasury to grow fuller for the worse than heathen at home. Remember that while your foot is on the cradle, it is on a source of power stronger than his who casts the bullet; and, standing in that place of responsibility, let no hour pass without deepening in the minds of your little ones the impression of hatred of a system out of which come such scenes as those in Kansas, out of which comes the prostration of the honoured head of Charles Sumner, out of which come the Fugitive Slave law and the Dred Scott decision—a system which makes politicians of every school toadies, and the descendants of the fathers of '76 unworthy of the manhood that ought to belong to them in the midst of the revolution that is now upon us (applause).

The PRESIDENT then introduced WENDELL PHILLIPS.

SPEECH OF MR. PHILLIPS.

I will not detain the audience by any long remarks. Indeed, after all that has been said, I am very glad to feel that there is no necessity to do so. Although my friend, Mr. Higginson, thought that he did not fully and entirely represent the essential character of this Society, I am willing, for one, to leave at least nine-tenths of the principles which underlie its feet as the representative of our movement. I do not care, as he did not, what any man before me maintains as to the character of the American Constitution; it has long ceased to be a question of the slightest moment. Governments are not made; they grow—grow like the oak from the seed and the soil, from the dew and the sunshine. Our government has grown up out of the character of the people; what that character is is evinced in the practice of our government, unbroken, unchangeable, not heterogeneous, but all of one colour and character from beginning to end—a government which Gov. Boutwell, of Massachusetts, a Democrat, never suspected of being a sentimentalist nor of being deluded by any over-fondness for liberty, within a month described to me as, in his opinion, a conspiracy against justice, and, said he, "I don't use the term as poetical, as picturesque, as an exaggerated statement; I use it in literal sober truth. At Washington, the Federal Government is a conspiracy—and a conspiracy against justice. Against that conspiracy," he went on to say, "the object of every honest man must be to marshal the public opinion of the North. Within twenty years it will be settled which side the victory rests—whether the government passes into a despotism or whether subverted liberty rules in these thirty-one States." Now, if that is the conclusion to which a Democrat, high in office, never suspected of anti-slavery leanings, comes—if that is the character which he gives the government—it certainly will surprise no one that an Abolitionist, with his eye constantly fixed upon the essential tendency of the government, shall be willing to ignore a parchment and judge only by the fruits. I judge, both in Church and State, by the fruits.

My friend Pillsbury reads us, very properly and with great force, the speeches and resolutions of conventions and eminent divines. I do not try the Christianity of this nation in his method. My method is different. If I have a vase of nitric acid and in it I put a mass of chalk, I know there will be agitation; if there is not, it is not chalk that I have put in. So, if into a nation of sinners I drop Christianity, there will be agitation; if there is not, I do not drop it (applause). Now, when I walk up and down New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Cincinnati—the queen cities of their States—and look up to stately palaces of popular, fashionable religion, and find churches cushioned in the affectionate confidence of a people, the corner-stone of whose government is to smother the prejudice, as they term it, which makes a Christian love his fellow-man, and the test of whose allegiance is to hunt slaves—when into such a nation I drop down, from the decency of Washington to the bottomless pit of Franklin Pierce (applause)—when I drop into such a government forty thousand churches, and witness no commotion, I can't be mistaken in the character of that government, and therefore I must be mistaken in the character of the churches (applause).

So I judge of the State. My friend Higginson thought the underground railroad a weakness. It is so. He thought it a badge of disgrace. I *know* it. I am trying to get rid of the yoke; I dare not get rid of it at the expense of the slave; I dare not say to the fugitive who dares not tell his own name in the streets of Boston that it is safe for him to stay there. My nights are haunted by the vision of Anthony Burns, hurried down State street, amid 2,000 muskets borne by the best blood of Boston churches; and while that vision lasts, I dare not tell the fugitive slave he is safe in the shadow of those steeples. But I do my way, as he does his. I love beyond expression those Boston pavements over which my mother held up my baby footsteps; and if God grants me the time and the power, I mean to make them sacred enough to shelter the footsteps of the slave (long and repeated applause). But now, while those facts stand in my face, I must, as he does, accept the disgrace of the underground railroad, for I cannot ignore the facts.

Three years ago, in the Senate of the United States, your favorite statesman, Seward, accepted the Southern challenge. He said, in words as near as I can remember, "Gentlemen of the slave States, come on; there is no avoiding your challenge; I accept it in the name of Liberty; let us fight out the struggle on the virgin soil of Kansas, and God give the victory to that side which is stronger in numbers, as it is in right." The exulting tone in which he accepted that challenge, what has three years said to it? Kansas, beyond all doubt, as I think, will come in as a slave State; and, stronger as we have been in numbers, stronger as we have been in right, in the language of the old Book, "on the side of the oppressor there is power," and that power writes its conquest on the virgin soil of Kansas.

Far west, in Oregon, as we learn from [illegible], this very month is to be framed a Constitution which will undoubtedly be a slave Constitution. Cuba is to be a jewel wrenched from the crown of Spain. Texas is to be divided into two or three slave States. If Southern signs are to be trusted, the slave trade is to be revived and the stigma of illegality and piracy stricken from the statute-book against it.

Who says that the North can prevent aught of this? When has she succeeded? Where is the single instance in which the North has succeeded? Stronger we are in numbers—yes; stronger in right, doubtless; but the world is not ruled by numbers. The day is far distant when the world is to be ruled by majorities. I think it is no unfair statement of the anti-slavery position to say this: Within the last twenty years the anti-slavery idea has grown beyond all expectation. Nobody, however sanguine, could have hoped to have had a greater advance than we have had in moulding the public sentiment of the Northern States. It takes a great while to plant an idea. We are too much apt to be in a hurry. Oaks do not grow in a day. It took God two thousand years, it used up a whole people to plant a single idea—the unity of the Godhead—in the breast of the human race (applause). The whole Jewish people and the whole tract of the Old Testament (let me say it reverently) were employed in that one almighty purpose. So, in this country, it has taken two centuries, with all its experience and all its heroism, to elaborate in the American heart this idea—the sovereignty of the nation—national independence. You may subdue America to almost anything, but there is one thing I firmly believe: you can never bend it to become a vassal of a foreign State (applause). It has taken two centuries to root that idea in the very blood of the American race, and, in my opinion, that is the only thing which this nation has learned in two centuries. How long it will take to teach us the sovereignty of the individual I do not know, but that is the idea which the anti-slavery enterprise is labouring to plant in the American conscience. You must not be too much in a hurry. We are gaining fast enough, and the government is gaining in the same ratio; the organization strengthens itself in the same proportion. Within the last twenty years every triumph of institutions has been on the side of the South; every triumph of ideas has been on our side; but at the same time, ideas make but slow headway against rich, popular, active organization.

In the brief moment left me let me use this idea. We are not obliged to fall back on unorganized ideas for something better. When men propose the disunion question, it is usually to advance it simply as an individual protest against the colossal Federal Government. We are not driven to that issue; we have the sovereignty of the States to which we may take refuge. Do not suppose that when the Federal Government is gone, we are left in anarchy. Do not suppose that when the Government at Washington has vanished like a monster dream, we are left without government. If we were, I should not despond. I can face even that problem without fright, for I believe in the capacity of the Yankee race to do without government. It is the proudest moment in the history of Massachusetts—prouder than Bunker Hill, prouder than the Med case, prouder than the hour when Plymouth rock cropped out a second time, in the birth of our pioneer, with the doctrine of Immediate Emancipation (applause)—when, without a kingly government, without any government, Massachusetts, for five months, lived orderly and legally by the simple vigour of the character of her people. She got to that sublime reach of popular education when the perfect man does without laws. I believe that if the dissolution of the Union were the dissolution of the Government, it would not be frightful. Why? Because the blood and bones of the genuine Yankee are constitutionally orderly, and that he does not need a government (laughter). Put a Yankee baby of six months old on his feet and he will begin to say, "Mr. Chairman," and call the next cradle to order (great applause). It is in the blood. A genuine Yankee on the praries carries a school-house, a meeting-house, a town house and a ballot-box all in him, and it crops out the moment it is needed (laughter).

But you are not left to that alternative. Dissolve the Federal Government and you have got town governments, selectmen, constables, 6,000 of them in the 16 States. Over them you have got County governments, Probate Courts, Common Pleas Courts, thieves caught, dead men's estates settled, marriages solemnized and dissolved. Over that you have State governments, with the inestimable blessings of taxation (laughter). All this remains to you after the Federal Government is gone. All the wheels of society are perfect; there is no anarchy; there is no loosening of the bands of the social system. There is no fear on that side, therefore. On the other side, in the dissolution of the Union, in the recognition of the fact that in these State and town organizations rests the real power of the anti-slavery idea, you have this historical idea: The Saxon blood does not decide questions by the bullet: Sharpe's rifles are not a Saxon tool. Thank God, the blood we boast never yet bowed to the sword. We have been ruled, ever since we emerged from the German forests, by thought—thought in the form of law. There is more terror in the writ of a constable to the State of Massachusetts than there is in the whole State of South Carolina with Sharpe's rifles in every hand. I would thank God from the 1st day of January to the 31st day of December if He would allow the Slave Power to be so forgetful as to provoke New England to the sword and musket (applause). When Lexington and Bunker Hill speak a second time, they will be heard (applause). But, bless you, Mr. President, the South never plays her cards so clumsily as that. Do you suppose, with the whole pack in her right hand, she means to be such a fool as to put anything like that chance in our way? No, indeed. She plays her game more adroitly; she hides herself behind judicial ermine; she attacks the Saxon blood through the bench and through the law-abiding elements; she says, "Have I not got a Constitution; is not this the opinion of the Supreme Court; is not this law? Bow." And the North, that has learned from Daniel Webster, and from all the other leaders, that the Supreme Court is the final interpreter of the Constitution, bows her head and says, "Amen!" In the language of Seward, she accepts the challenge. It is a false one. When the Supreme Court speaks to South Carolina, she replies: "I am no slave of the Supreme Bench; you are no final interpreter to me; if I like your decision, well; if I do not like it, I shan't obey it."

Now, you see the deficiency; the North with her hands tied by her love of law, the South free by her disregard of all courts, how is such a battle to be fought? The first element of victory is not in cannon, nor muskets; it is in the hearts of the men that go to battle (applause); it is in the purpose with which men fight. The South has her catalogue of institutions; it begins with slavery; the second item is slavery, and the third is slavery; turn over the leaf, and it is slavery all through. As the Latin proverb says, she knows what she wants and she wants it with a will. The North does not know what she wants. Her catalogue is tariff, bank, internal improvements, and "God bless you, sir, let me make money" (laughter); and the consequence is that, like two neighbours quarrelling, one knows a secret which the other would not have told for the world, and that one is master of the other, for in every stringent point of time he has but to hold up his finger and say, "I'll tell," and the other quails. That is exactly the position of the North and the South for sixty years.

Now, I do not care what idea a man forms of the Constitution; I do not care what his hopes are of Kansas; I do not care what his ideas are of Cuba; I do not care if he is insane enough to believe in the manhood of James Buchanan (laughter): I do not care what his creed is, if I can only fit his mind with the [illegible] these obstacles and through them, he will aid me in abolishing slavery, come what will. If he will make up his mind to that, and avow it, the battle is half fought. If the Republican will say, "My object is to take that Carolina slave by the hand and raise him into freedom; I do not know whether the Constitution will go to pieces in the effort; but if it does, let it"—if he will say that, it is all I ask of him. Goëthe says, if you plant an oak in a flower-pot, one of two things must happen: either the oak will die or the flower-pot will break. Now, I go for the oak. There is a set of men who are exceedingly tender of the flower-pot—the Constitution; I want to exorcise that timidity.

Let us take an illustration of that kind of men. When Washington was encamped on Dorchester heights, overlooking Boston, and the English had possession of the city, you know it is said that a council was held as to whether he should bombard Boston in order to drive the English out, and the tradition is that John Hancock was consulted. Now, John Hancock was the richest man in New England; he had a million of dollars in real estate under the fire of those cannon; and yet he is said to have made that sublime answer which entitled him to write his name at the head of the Declaration of Independence so large that near-sighted George the Third could have read it across the Atlantic (laughter)—he is said to have replied, "Cannonade! beat down Boston! do anything that is necessary." Suppose, instead of that, he had said, "Yes, bombard Boston, but take care you don't touch my house in Beacon street." When Putnam and Warren stood on the height of Bunker Hill, you remember that sublimest of all orders that "Old Put" gave to his men: "Wait, boys, till you see the whites of their eyes." Suppose, instead of that, just as they were coming to the encounter, a messenger had come up and said, "The Congregational Church is on fire," and the old General had said, "Stop, boys, let us go down and save that shingle," would he have ever conquered? When Wellington drew up that hollow square of bayonets, six thick, against which the French cuirassiers broke themselves like sea-birds in a storm, suppose, instead of saying to his men, "There is the French army; annihilate it, no matter what you ruin; God's earth will remain and we can build better structures to-morrow," he had said, "Fire, but take care you don't hurt that mill, or touch a board of that fence," would he have ever beat? When Lord Brougham was defending the Queen in the House of Lords and was asked, "How far will you go?" "Go!" said he; "I know nobody here but the Queen, and if, in order to defend her, I sink houses, and nobles, and the island itself, welcome!" Of course he beat; he was bound to.

Now, what the Abolitionist is to know is the slave; and if the Constitution and the Senate go to the bottom, where they belong, so much the better (applause). It is the purpose; I don't care about your principles; I don't care about what you think actually will go; I want you to announce to the South, "I mean to be there amid those hovels in that slave system; that is my goal; I am another Elisha Kane; the slave system is the North Pole; I will die, but I will reach it" (applause). The moment I can plant that purpose and plant the willingness to avow it, I can say to Church and say to State, "I know no use for either of you but to create noble men." The Church, what is it? The schoolmaster. The Government, what is that? The schoolmaster. Suppose it has produced nothing but villains; why, then, the schoolmaster was a rogue. Sixty years of experience, twenty millions of people to teach, and they were so blind that they elected Franklin Pierce and James Buchanan into office, and thought Caleb Cushing had a soul (laughter)!

Now, what I want is a purpose that shall avow itself. I admire Dr. Cheever (applause). If any of those coals that touched the lips of Isaiah have dropped down to our age, his tongue has felt the inspiration to be gathered from that fire (applause), and what I want from him is—I do not expect it from the masses, but I want it from him, the leader—to tell the people what the great purpose, the great vertebræ of their object and enterprise is to be; I want him to say to them, "Inaugurate at home a spirit that, if necessary, shall affirm that the State Governments will defy the Federal Government, and yet not be guilty of treason." I want him to argue it fearlessly that this is revolution.

I asked Gov. Chase once, relative to that most touching of all scenes, that most romantic of all hours, that most heroic of all moments, that most Christian of all acts—the heroic love of that mother, Margaret Garner, driven to bay before twenty millions of Christians, and having no shelter for her cradle but by giving back to God the child He had lent her—I asked him why he was not in Cincinnati at such an hour. He said, "I told the sheriff, who had her under charge, shut the door of that jail; lock it and bolt it double; don't you ever open it to a United States officer or a United States writ—never (applause); I will summon the whole militia of Ohio, I will surround that jail with every man in the State that can bear arms, before it shall be opened at the bidding of the United States'" (loud applause). O, if he had known, if he could have but known the sublime offer that God made him, at such a moment, to write his name higher than any American ever wrote it—if he could have been the instrument of precipitating the Buckeye State in an avalanche of thunderbolts against this conspiracy at Washington. But he forgot! He went up to Columbus, and the hour came—he was not there! That is the hour I want to have come; that is the public opinion that I want to prepare in your hearts, every one of you.

Your State Governments, they are worth little or nothing, except that we can make them garrisons for the anti slavery idea against the Federal Government. That is the Saxon method of fighting—not with bullets. The French race has bowed to the sword; so has the Italian; and so of every race in Europe; we never have. The Dred Scott decision is more dreadful to me than all the Sharp's rifles that can be made. I must raise you to the level of disobeying what the country says is law. I must make you willing to go behind a parchment and say what is justice. I must raise New York, Massachusetts, Ohio and Wisconsin to the level of being glad of being called traitors.

I know how eloquent Dr. Cheever is. There is only one word that he has not spoken; there is only one, and that anti-slavery Americans dare not speak; millions of them know it, but dare not utter it. It is like that magnificent fable of Vathek, where the spirits were seen in the giant Hall of Eblis, and every man held his hand on the spot in his own heart, and no man dared to show it to his fellow. So it is with the Republican party; every one holds his hand over that hidden consciousness that this is a revolution, and yet he dare not speak it to his fellow (applause). So we must avow it, that it is a revolution; we must avow it, that there is no constitutional allegiance left.

The Lemmon case, rising from your State to Washington, guaranteeing to the slaveholder the right to come and reside here a few months, is yet to complete the circle of Southern aggression, and then it is done; there is nothing left but to educate the North into the principle, the consciousness that she must trample law under foot. I want to make Massachusetts say this, I want her to put it on her statute book, "We will will obey no slave law whatever; we will not allow it to be executed in the Commonwealth" (applause). I do not want pulses in Faneuil Hall; I want them stereotyped into cold statutes on the statute-book. I want justices of the peace, respectable men, thinking of nothing but gain and office, to find it for their interest to disobey the slave law. I want to make Massachusetts soil so hot that a slaveholder would [illegible] down to his birth-place hell, than come to Massachusetts (laughter and applause)—not with the organized statute of the legal indignation of a million of people glad of an opportunity to show that they are traitors (applause).

Jonah Burrington says, in one of those humorous sketches of Irish drunkards, that, in his youthful days, they used to have all the entrances to the houses padded a foot thick with cotton, in order that the drunken squires need not hurt themselves as they tumbled about coming home (laughter). That has been just the condition of American politics for the last fifty years; every plain speech has been covered up with cotton, so that nobody could hurt himself as he tumbled about intoxicated with the emoluments or hope of office. We have done this, however: We have torn off the padding, and they have to knock themselves against the boards (laughter and applause).

The struggle is half begun, and we want to teach you, in these two days that we are going to weary your patience, the method, the channel into which we think our efforts should be directed. Don't you fear, don't you dread that the South will ever go off and leave you. There is no such good time as that coming (laughter)! As Mrs. Lydia Maria Child says, who ever heard of the town's poor forsaking the town (laughter)? You will never hear of the South forsaking the Union.

I heard an anecdote the other day; let me close with it, to show you how profound is her sense of her dependence on the thrift and industry of the North for the very comforts of life. That most eloquent of all Southerners, as I think, Mr. Prentiss, of Miss., was addressing a crowd of some 4,000 people, defending the tariff, and, in the course of an eloquent period which rose gradually to some beautiful climax, he painted the thrift, the energy, the comfort, the wealth, the civilization of the North in glowing colours, when there rose up on the vision of the assembly, in the open air, a horseman of magnificent proportions; and, just at the moment of hushed attention, when the voice of Prentiss had ceased and the applause was about to break forth, the horseman exclaimed, "D—n the North!" The curse was so much in unison with the habitual feeling of a Mississippi audience that it quenched their enthusiasm, and nothing but respect for the speaker kept the crowd from applauding the horseman. Prentiss turned his lame foot around and said, "Major Moody, will you rein in that steed a moment?" He assented. Said he, "Major, the horse on which you sit came from Upper Missouri; the saddle that surmounts him came from Trenton, N. J.; the hat on your head was made in Danbury, Conn.; the boots you wear came from Lynn, Mass.; the linen of your shirt is Irish, and Boston made it up; your broadcloth coat is of Lowell manufacture, and was cut in New York; and, if to-day, you surrender what you owe the 'd—n North,' you would sit stark naked" (laughter and loud applause).

Here closed the proceedings of the morning session, and the meeting adjourned till 7 1-2 o'clock in the evening.

EVENING SESSION.

At a quarter before 8 o'clock, the PRESIDENT called the meeting to order and immediately introduced, as the first speaker, the Rev. JAMES R. W. SLOANE, of the City of New York, pastor of one of the Reformed Presbyterian Churches, otherwise known as the Old Covenanter Church. The announcement was received with applause.

SPEECH OF REV. MR. SLOANE.

MR. CHAIRMAN: I gladly accept the invitation to take part in the interesting and important discussion on this occasion. I have not merely lent a willing acceptance to this invitation of the Executive Committee, but I am acting, as I trust, under an imperative sense of duty and in accordance with the command of Him who has said, "Open thy mouth for the dumb, in the cause of all such as are appointed to destruction." I have yielded to it the more readily because I understood it to be tendered not so much as a personal compliment to myself as a recognition, to a certain extent, of the position that the ecclesiastical body with which I am specially connected have, from the first, assumed, and, as I trust, have consistently maintained, with regard to the great sin of American slavery and its bulwark, the Constitution of the United States (loud applause).

There are, sir, in other denominations, men who have battled and who are now battling nobly and manfully, and will, we trust, continue to the end to battle, against this stupendous conspiracy against the rights of man. There are other religious denominations, respectable for their numbers, for their influence and for the purity of their faith, that have borne a noble testimony, by excluding slaveholders from their fellowship. But Reformed Presbyterians alone, or, as we are occasionally termed, Covenanters, Old School Covenanters, have divorced themselves entirely from the system (applause), not merely by excluding slaveholders and all apologists and abettors of slavery from their communion, but by refusing to vote or hold office under a Government, or to swear to support a Constitution, that sanctions an evil so vile and so enormous (applause); and thus, sir, I think, we have earned the honour that, on the fore part of this day, was conferred upon us, of being the only truly and really anti-slavery Church.

I need not here speak of the Covenanters. They have a history and the world knows it by heart. They have ever been characterized not more for the rigid orthodoxy of their creed than for their stern, uncompromising hostility against tyranny in every form, whether civil or ecclesiastical. But it may not be amiss to remind this nation of a fact that they either never knew or seem to have forgotten—that to the Covenanters of Scotland, not less than to the Puritans of England, they are indebted for all that is great and excellent in their institutions, for whatever of civil and religious liberty they enjoy, and for whatever of national greatness and glory they have achieved.

On the subject of slavery, Reformed Presbyterians stood for years alone, and directly in the face of all the public and religious sentiment of the country. Still, confident that their position was the only true one, that in it was the only hope for the ultimate freedom of the slave and the only salvation for the Christian Church from a system so foul and abominable, we have refused to swear the oath of allegiance to the Government of the United States, not, as some suppose, because we are anti-government men, for we believe Government to be a Divine ordinance; and of law we say, no less than that its seat is the bosom of God, and its voice the harmony of the Universe; not because we are enemies to our country, for we are friends to our country and take pride in all that is great and glorious in her institutions, in all that is excellent and magnificent in her sons; not because we are in favour of any other form of government, for we are republicans to a man; but simply because we would not, in accordance with our convictions of right, lift up our hands to Heaven and swear, in the great name of God Almighty, as we shall answer to him in the great day, to support a Constitution that, in our judgment, ignores His very existence, tramples on the authority of His Son and refuses to recognise the binding obligation of His eternal and immutable law—a Constitution that robs millions of unoffending men, or that which is the same thing, permits them to be robbed, of their just and inalienable rights. We have, sir, ever stood opposed to the Government for this reason and for this reason alone.

The progress of truth in this respect, as in others, has been extremely slow, but we are cheered to-night by the reflection that those principles for which we contended for years alone, those principles which were only heard a few years since from a few obscure pulpits, like the voice of one crying in the wilderness, have become the platform of a powerful organization like this; that those principles are now boldly maintained and advocated by men who have made this subject the study of their lives—by men who, their enemies being judges, are competent to form an opinion on the subject—by men to whom, when they speak, the world listens.

This Anti-Slavery Society has flung its banner to the breeze, and on its folds is inscribed no such miserable motto as this, "Union, even with slavery, now and forever," but they have inscribed upon their banner this, "Our object is, primarily and comprehensively, uncompromisingly to effect the immediate, total and eternal overthrow of slavery on American soil (applause); to confront and oppose every sect and every party that seeks to purchase success at the expense of human liberty. Our motto is, 'No Union with slaveholders, politically or ecclesiastically'" (applause).

Why, that is the very motto, Mr. Chairman, that our fathers inscribed on the banner of the covenant when they first unfurled it on the shores of the Western world. "No union, politically or ecclesiastically, with tyrants" has ever been the motto of Covenanters. It is, then, no new or strange position in which I find myself to-night, as far as this subject is concerned; these are the identical principles that I was taught in my youth, that I have embraced in my manhood, and that, living or dying, I hope to abide by (applause). "No union with tyrants, politically or ecclesiastically." Why, I feel, Mr. Chairman, that the old platform is still beneath my feet, and that the old banner of blue is still waiving above my head (applause). As a Church, Reformed Presbyterians have ever maintained and ever advocated the total and immediate and eternal overthrow of slavery.

I shall not stop here to prove that slavery is a sin, a sin of no ordinary, but of enormous magnitude. Such it is declared and felt to be by every conscience that is not seared as with a hot iron; such it is declard and felt to be by the universal moral sense of the world; such it is declared to be by the word of God, save in the miserable interpretations of pro-slavery Churches and pro-slavery divines (applause). Convince me that slavery is no sin—slavery as it has been, slavery as it is, slavery as it has come under my own observation, slavery as it ever must be—and I shall be convinced that there is no such thing as sin or sinners in the universe; I shall be convinced that this world, which we have looked upon as sin-cursed and sin-scarred, is, after all, a perfect paradise of bliss, that mankind are angels instead of fallen beings, and that we ministers may lay aside our profession—our occupation is gone. But, Mr. Chairman, it is not so. There is such a thing in the universe of God as sin; and if there be one sin more horrible and hideous than another, if there be one sin more certainly pursued by the avenging furies than another, if there be one sin against which, more than another, the tremendous fiery curses of God's law are levelled, that sin is slavery—the sum of all villanies, the most atrocious system that ever trampled on the right of man, or warred against the throne and monarchy of God. Why, it is an insult to the moral sense of the world to try to prove it a sin—an insult to the minds of the slaveholders themselves. Have we not heard slaveholders sneer at ministers of the Gospel who tried to prove from reason and from Scripture that slavery is right? They knew it was a lie, only the more contemptible because falling from clerical lips.

Now, sir, what is the object of this Society and the object of that Society which I have the honour to represent? It is to effect the total, immediate and eternal overthrow of this great evil; it is to eradicate it from American soil, not to leave the stump of its roots in the earth with band of iron and of brass; it is to gather it up and cast it, like a great millstone, into the sea, so that its place shall be found no more at all. If there ever was a sin that required or demanded such treatment as this, that system is American slavery. As the tree, so are its fruits. When our fathers admitted it to a place in the Government, they sowed dragon's teeth, and we reap a harvest of armed men; they sowed the wind, and we reap the whirlwind; they planted a vine that was a vine of Sodom and of the fields of Gomorrah, and we, their children, are eating the grapes that are grapes of gore and of clusters that are bitter.

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SPEECH OF MR. FROTHINGHAM.

There is no sadder story among the fables of antiquity than that of Cassandra. She was the fairest daughter of Priam, king of Troy. The god Apollo, enamoured of her beauty, bestowed upon her the gift of divination, by which she was enabled to foresee and foretell the approach of future events; but when she refused to yield to his desires, he added to the gift the fatal qualification that her predictions never should be believed. And so, when the Grecian armies encamped about the walls of Troy, and she, with certain vision, descried the shadowy advance of disaster, announced beforehand the calamities that were to befall, and passionately implored her countrymen to bear her prophetic words, the infatuated people laughed her to scorn as one who was beside herself, and even her kingly father regarded her as a maniac, whose ravings were dangerous to the state. She had the satisfaction of knowing that her words were inspired; but she had the terrible grief of anticipating every blow, and of being sure that it was out of her power to avert the stroke.

The position of the anti-slavery men in America has presented a striking parallel to that of the ancient prophetess of Troy. Like her, they seem to have received the gift of divination. Like her, in the exercise of that gift, they have been practically frustrated by the disbelief of men. Each new approach of evil they foresaw as it loomed up, dark and shadowy, from the abyss of the Future; each new assault they predicted in confident words; each new prediction was received with obstinate unbelief; and though their presentiments were in every instance verified by the event, still the popular incredulity turned a deaf ear to their warning cry, and they were left to stand alone, like drivelling maniacs shouting against the wind. But the popular infatuation by no means weakens their faith in their own premonitions. Still, they stand alone, if it must be so, the prophets of disaster, discerning in the coming time yet further aggressions of the Slave Power, the admission of Kansas as a Slave State, the invasion of Nebraska, Oregon, Central America and New Mexico, the subjugation of Texas, the seizure of Cuba, the opening of the Slave Trade, and the ultimate establishment of a vast slave empire in the West.

If anticipations like these seem wild and visionary, it is more because they are too terrible to be believed than because they are too ill-grounded to be just. There is a vague trust in Providence that will not allow us to expect the worst—a trust that is wise as a feeling, but extremely unwise as a judgment—a trust that does not criticise or reason, and which may be to the saddest degree delusive by making us forgetful of our own responsibility, and to the actual forces of human wickedness, and presumptuous in view of the vigorous and incessant activity of organized wrong.

Let us look, for a few moments, at some of the broader indications of our Future, as they lie before our actual notice. Let us go back but a single year, and call to mind only the more conspicuous events which have transpired. It was very soon after our last anniversary, only twelve days after, that Mr. Sumner delivered, in the Senate at Washington, his masterly speech upon Kansas—a speech that sounded like a voice from the whole Northern country, loud, strong, aggressive, a declaration of war against a system of barbarism. But it was not that *speech*, nor was it any speech uttered by free lips, that brought the slavery question so boldly into the halls of Congress. Mr. Sumner found it already there, introduced there not by him, nor by any other representative of the free States, but by the friends of the Slave Power, now become so strong and so audacious as to fear no discussion, protest or vote; with plans so ripe and resources so large that they courted a provocation to open war. Slavery was not dragged into Congress for judgment by the intrepidity of Northern Senators; it marched in deliberately, with its bills removing the Missouri restriction, and its constitutions establishing slavery in Kansas; it stalked in with pistol and bludgeon, practically asserting its rights to supremacy by beating opposition into bloody unconsciousness, and triumphantly accepting testimonials of patriotism from its lords and constituencies.

Since the assault upon Senator Sumner, the country has been ringing with the word *slavery*. But in which interest has that cry been raised? Mainly, it will be granted, in the interest of the South. The claims of slavery, instead of being withdrawn, have been more arrogantly pressed. Southern politicians and newspapers have assumed a loftier tone; not deigning now to apologize for their favourite institution, but openly defending it, on moral and religious as well as on industrial and financial grounds; contending that, as a system, it is not only pardonable, but wise; not only patriarchal, but beneficent; not only natural, but *super*natural, Christian and *super*-Christian; a thing to be secured and cherished [illegible], a thing so excellent as that all means of sustaining it are justifiable by law [illegible]. The revival of the benignant slave trade is openly advocated by respectable presses. Republicanism is pronounced a failure, labour in all classes a degradation, the grand abstractions of the Gospel are self-evident falsehoods, and the axioms of history are the weakest of delusions. This, certainly, does not look much like the triumph of free sentiments.

Does the history of the Kansas Investigation disclose anything like fear or shame in the propagandists of slavery? What must we think of the moral condition of the country in which such transactions pass quietly along without revolution? Which spirit was prevailing in the nation when the disgraceful debates upon the reports of the Kansas Committee were exciting the surprise and rousing the wrath of every land in Christendom except our own?

Then came the Presidential campaign—a campaign unparalleled in the history of the country for the distinctness and the magnitude of its issues—in the whole course of which, one and *but* one great idea was made prominent—a campaign which was regarded as a simple battle between Northern and Southern ideas, fought, as bravely as Northern men dared, upon an imperial scale. Shall a region large enough for three kingdoms be slave or free? This was the matter ostensibly in debate. The efforts made on either side were prodigious. Money flowed in rivers. The press deluged the country with publications, tracts, addresses in every spoken tongue. On the Northern side appeared champions such as had never before entered the lists of political discussion. Senators whose names were a praise in all mouths, whose courage had roused the enthusiasm of the masses to an extraordinary pitch, men of letters, authors of wide celebrity, poets of extensive fame, left their retirement and devoted months of time and toil to the instruction and rousing of the people. Clergymen, not only in pulpits which rang with the theme, but on the platform and the stump, contributed the weight of their professional character and eloquence to the popular cause. Never were such multitudes addressed by such speakers in such lofty and persuasive strain. Never were such appeals made to the popular heart. The murderous assault upon Senator Sumner had done all that could be done to open men's eyes to the temper of the Slave Power, and to fire their blood with [illegible] at its dastardly insolence. The ruffian code of [illegible] was daily administered by brutal officials, under the [illegible]tion of judges more infamous than ever disgraced [illegible]. Assassinations of Northern people, merely because they were Northern people and were suspected of Northern prejudices, were frequent in open day, and were unavenged. Property was destroyed by fire and by pillage. Towns were sacked. Men and women were kept under arms night and day to protect themselves and their families from assault. The Government connived at all these atrocities, sent its musketeers into a legislative assembly to dissolve it by force of military authority, refused aid to the imploring citizens, and for the manifold wrongs inflicted would grant no redress. All this and more the Northern orators had to tell. Their only difficulty arose from the superabundance of their materials, for the story was fresh every day. To select the best arguments where all were overwhelming, to choose the most cogent facts where each one seemed decisive in its undeniableness and crushing from its weight, was no easy task. Add to all this a candidate of spotless character, and national fame acquired not on the field of political warfare, but in the pursuit of scientific enterprise, an intrepid explorer, whom foreign *savants* delighted to honour. And we must certainly grant the cause of freedom in the United States had such an opportunity and such a political advocacy as it never had before, and is not likely, under Providence, to have again. If there was anything in wholesale injury and in wholesale insults, in oppressive wrongs cruelly inflicted, and in the most copious disdain spit forth upon our favourite institutions and our loved civilization—if there was anything in savage menace and vulgar sneer to awaken a flaming and invincible wrath in the breasts of freemen—their victory last Fall should have been complete and final; it should have been an annihilation of the Slave Extension party. But what was the actual result? It was the election of Mr. Buchanan; and not only his *election*, but his *triumphant* election—his election not by a small majority, but by a tremendous popular vote. The figures report to us, I believe, this gloomy tale: In 1852, Pierce received 1,601,335 votes, Scott 1,388,078. In 1856, Buchanan's popular vote was 1,834,337, while Fremont's was only 1,341,812. So that even Pierce's sweeping success fell below that of Buchanan, with all the terrific odds against the latter. Only 1,194 votes were cast for Fremont out of the free States; and *here, on his own ground*, Buchanan came so closely in competition that he needed but little more than a *sixth* of his Southern votes to gain the victory. *Here*, on his *own* and his *only* ground, the suffrages for Mr. Fremont outnumbered by no more than 115,868 those given to his antagonist, Buchanan, who might have spared more than *four-fifths* of his Southern votes and yet polled the majority. A result like this declares decisively against a growing love of liberty among our people, and indicates a temper not merely indifferent to slavery itself, but careless even about its extension over new domain.

For, let it be further considered, in this connection, that the Republican party was not, in any strict construction of the term, an anti-slavery party. It expressly disclaimed any sympathy with the Abolitionists, by whom it was in turn repudiated; it disavowed, earnestly and constantly, all intent and desire to interfere with slavery in the States where it already existed as an institution; it magnified the *Union* even more loudly and grandiloquently than the Democratic party cared to do under the lead of pro-slavery politicians; it swore at all hazards to support the Constitution. So far from being fanatical in its anti-slavery zeal, it proclaimed, in pamphlet, speech and newspaper, that it cherished no pointed hostility to the Southern institution—that it was not specially interested in the African race—that it was contending for the freedom of the whites, and not for the freedom of the blacks—that its whole design was to secure an equal privilege in the new Territories to their own industry, and the right to plant there, unmolested, their saw-mills and their schools. More than one champion of the Republican cause has told me that he was warned by the Club Committees against saying too much about slavery, or denouncing too vehemently the Fugitive Slave law; and I myself, in my limited experience as a stump-speaker, was told that I should do the cause no good by any remarks that savoured of abolitionism. It is true that in Massachusetts, Ohio and the interior of New York the speeches were of bolder and higher tone; but elsewhere it was considered a recommendation that they should be mild and cautious. The Republicans, as a party, were anxious to remove from themselves all anti-slavery reproach: they deprecated everything like an anti-slavery name; and yet they were defeated. Does not this bare statement prove that the sentiment of Freedom is at a very low ebb? that prosperity has enfeebled the Northern conscience, and our people are reckless of injustice, so they can get fortune? And have we not here the very worst omens for the future? I am aware of the qualifications which are made upon these facts as furnishing the ground of prophecy. It is urged that Fremont's vote was commensurate with the intelligence of the North, and that this intelligence is rapidly increasing; that the next generation will be far in advance of the last, through the agencies of a cheap postage system, the laying down of railroads, and the multiplication of schools, books and churches; so that southern Indiana and Illinois, where Buchanan received his heaviest Northern vote, and where enlightenment is just beginning to penetrate, will ere long register their suffrages on the side of Liberty. I know it is confidently asserted that quite one-half of the people dwelling north of Mason and Dixon's line are at heart the enemies of the slave system, and that nine out of ten of the clergy are anti-slavery men. But experience forbids our laying great stress upon considerations like these. The spread of education is not necessarily coincident with the spread of moral convictions. Where were the votes of that anti-slavery half of the Northern population? Where was the influence of those nine-tenths of the clergy? We all know that profession in this matter is no test or indication of virtue. We all know that many who make the most indignant remonstrance against being regarded as pro-slavery men do nevertheless throw all their actual influence on the pro-slavery side. Party lines, unfortunately, are too often drawn without reference to personal opinions upon grave social questions; and if men avowing themselves the conscientious foes of slavery could in great numbers be induced, by party considerations or by the influence of demagogues, to cast their votes for Mr. Buchanan, why should not the same thing happen again, and happen continually? Nay, is not this one of the deplorable signs of our political corruption that party considerations *are* paramount to all other considerations, that demagogues are able to lead the people whithersoever they will [illegible] absolutely no effect?

There can be no doubt, as it seems to me, that the country, in regard to its nobler sentiments, is deeply demoralized; and this process of demoralization is aided by a large class of people who represent the current anti-slavery opinion. They who contend against the extension only of slavery, of course, have no *radical* antipathy to slavery itself, and exert an influence to lessen that radical antipathy where it may exist in others. And they who, in their discussions of the question, are perpetually addressing arguments to the pocket, and are anxious to press their opposition to the system no farther than pecuniary wisdom justifies, do but add to that mercantile and mercenary spirit already too strong for the movement of a free humanity. Forty years ago, this question was debated as a question of pure morality; it was debated earnestly as a question touching the vital principles of society and the inherent rights of man; and in those times a single man, like Mr. Tallmadge of New York, was able, by the high tone of his mind, to elevate the sentiments of a community; but now sentiments are readily changed for cents, and for principles we have pennies; for the laws of nature we have substituted the laws of trade; and for the rights of man the rights of property. Of course, it *must* come to pass that the *conscience* of the country is locked up in the country's purse, and interest, not patriotism, still less humanity, presides over the ballot-box.

They must be sanguine men who hope that political machinery alone will effect a permanent cure of this evil. For politics is a trade, like any other; and it is not in a trading spirit, nor by trading operations, that God's great work of justice is done.

Still more sanguine, unfortunately, are they who expect any aid from the Church in this enterprise of relieving the land from slavery. For not only are the clergy fettered by their organization under the voluntary system, and by their traditions under the ecclesiastical—not only are they hampered by their superstitious reverence for the letter of the Bible, and the essentials of the creed—not only is their theory of salvation, of the Gospel's purpose and plan, of the minister's function and the pulpit's place, an insuperable obstacle in the way of their large practical humanity, but the clergy are the representatives and not the leaders of the public feeling. They do not *form* the popular opinion. They do but repeat and confirm it. Not in the evangelical sense alone, but *literally*, they are the servants of those who maintain them. The Churches are sustained by the commercial class. This is the self-evident fact. And what are we to expect as the result of it but exactly what we find, that they "surrender the lead of moral reforms, and follow with poor inertion, the infatuated vigour of selfishness, or the conservative creeping of atheistic distrust." You will spare me the humiliation of quoting the unchristian and atheistic sentiments of members of my own profession. The Adamses, Rosses and Meades are, doubtless, familiar to you all. The scum, by a natural law, always rises to the surface of a seething caldron. But when I hear of "South-side Views" and Bible arguments on oppression's part, when I hear "ministers of Christ unblushingly defend the institution of slavery, blandly anoint it with the oil of a spurious sanctity, and bless its black banner going forth to new conquests," I am painfully reminded of the early days of Christendom, when the Church still dwelt under the awful eye of its Master, when the principles of the Gospel had not been translated into mercantile common sense, nor Uncle Richard's maxims been substituted for the Sermon on the Mount—when clergyman had not experienced a new heart under the genial influences of the Cotton Trade, and the Silver-Gray politician was as yet unborn, and the duty of saving the Union had not superseded the duty of saving *men*. In those ages of simple faith, when Christianity meant something, and something *serious*—when it was not merely a more graceful conformity to the world, but a power which overcame the world in all its pleasurable and fiendish shapes—when the Church was struggling with the gigantic evils of an effete and pagan civilization, and individual Christians, instead of making money by the sale of pews, held themselves ready to surrender money and life itself in the Master's cause—in those earnest, intense ages, I find that slavery was regarded with the utmost abhorrence, was spoken of with terms of vehement reprobation, was opposed with most determined efforts. You will pardon me if I show the degeneracy of the modern Church by giving one or two examples of this.

Abbot Isidore of Pelusium, writing to a master in a slave's behalf, said, with straightforward courage, "I did not suppose that a man loving Christ, and knowing the grace which has made all men free, could still hold a slave in bondage."

Gregory of Nyssa, fifteen hundred years ago, questioned the slave-owners sharply, thus, "Who can be the possessor of human beings save God? These men that you say belong to you, did not God create them free? Command the brute creation; well and good; but do not degrade the image of God. Show me your titles of possession. Is not your own nature the same as theirs, whom you call your slaves?"

Chrysostom, the golden-mouthed preacher, exhorted Christians to buy up slaves, instruct them in the liberal arts, and furnish them with the means of earning a livelihood. And so holy was this cause of emancipation regarded that bishops did not hesitate to sell the silver vessels of the sanctuary, even the goblets and salvers used at the Lord's supper, to redeem their brethren from chains.

Clement of Rome writes to the Corinthians, "We have known many among us who have delivered themselves into bonds of slavery, that they might restore others to liberty; many that have let themselves out as servants, that, by their wages, they might support those who were in need." The Bishop of Nola expended all his substance in the redemption of slaves; and when, at last, a poor widow came to him and begged him to ransom her son who had been sold among the Vandals, he said to her, "I have not a single penny remaining, but I am willing to go myself and take the place of your son." The poor woman thought he was jesting with her anxiety; but he assured her that he was in earnest, and he actually accompanied her to Africa, found the owner, begged him to release the youth, as he was a widow's only son, volunteering to work freely in his stead. The proposition was accepted; the lad was released; the Bishop [illegible] implements and went to work. His industry and [illegible] gained the favour of his master, who, discove[illegible] was a bishop, and impressed by the nobleness of his se[illegible] devotion, gave him at once his liberty, and, a[illegible] freed all his slaves and sent them back, well provisi[illegible] to their homes.

The difference between Christianity like this and the Christianity of our time, the fashionable representative of that sturdy original, is all the difference between Christianity and Paganism. And when we reflect upon this single fact, that the Church, the professedly religious power in the country, has so far lost the recollection of its glorious traditions and become demoralized to the point of common worldliness, who can help having dreary forebodings of the future? Who can wonder that they who feel most upon this matter cherish the least hope? Who can wonder at the sad smile which greets the light-hearted prophecy, that American slavery is doomed and is already hastening to its decay?

What the future may bring forth, no one can tell. It is our duty to hope for the best. The prospect of throwing a *cordon sanitaire* round the slave States has wholly disappeared. For suppose that Kansas comes in as a free State, afterwards Nebraska, then Oregon, and all the territory to the Pacific shore. There remains an unlimited Southern region still open. Utah, Central America, the Mexicos, Texas and the Indian lands, to say nothing now of Cuba, offer a larger tract to the slavery extension than the North allows for freedom. But against this scheme of conquest Providence may be plotting. Providence, which uses man's agency as its instrument, but also anticipates it, prepares the way for it, and furnishes the occasions for its application, may offer, any twelve month, an unexpected solution, and an unlooked-for escape. Should the Free German's in Texas fulfil Mr. Olmsted's expectations—should Central America, relieved of Walker and his filibusters, gain a little breathing space—should the example of Missouri prove contagious and stir the heart of free labour in the Southern country—should Northern enterprise gain a foothold in Virginia, and thence pass down into the neighbouring slave States—should the prices of cotton decline, owing to the British culture in India, or the French plantations in Algiers—should Southern fanaticism provoke a Northern call for disunion, or light the torch of civil war—slavery certainly must come to an end. But the "if" is a tremendous one. At the best, these are only suppositions, which afford no ground for prophecy, certainly none for action, most assuredly none for supine indifference and repose.

In this state of things a reassertion of the cardinal and fundamental principles of our opposition to slavery will [illegible].

1. First, then, we claim justice for the black man, justice for the enslaved race; a race barbarized, stolen, deprived of rights inalienable to man, bartered, bought, beaten, brutalized by custom and by law; a race that has never experienced anything but wrong, and has been deliberately demoralized that it might be the more safely and completely subjugated. We do not plead in behalf of the white man, to secure his right to free speech and free soil, and to give him the liberty to exclude the black man from his dominions; we plead for the *black man*. If the white man suffers, as certainly he does suffer, from the institution of slavery, it is because he made the black man suffer first; and therefore it is the black man's cause that we plead. And we plead his cause not in the interest of economy, but in that of *humanity*. We demand his emancipation not as a matter of prudence, or safety, or profit to ourselves, but as a matter of simple justice due to him. It is not as *farmers, traders*, political *economists* that we engage our interests in his behalf, but as *men*, who wish to see the plain rule of right carried out in this application. And wishing earnestly to see this great consummation of African liberty brought about equitably, high-mindedly, honourably, we do not believe that any arguments addressed to the pocket will be of the least value or effect towards this end. We do not believe that a wise regard for the white man's advantages and privileges, either in Kansas, Virginia, Texas, or anywhere else, is likely to work out this end in the spirit of a true and noble righteousness. On the contrary, we profoundly believe that a cause like this must be taken up from strong moral, let me say *religious*, convictions; must be advocated upon Christian grounds; must be pressed with a deep and genuine enthusiasm, which has its sources not in the love of mammon, but in the love of God. It is not to us a satisfactory or a pleasing thought that slavery may have to be dropped sometime, because it will not *pay*; it is not to us a welcome contemplation that the slaves may one day be cast off like so much unprofitable rubbish, driven out like so much useless cattle, legislated out of the country, expatriated, pushed into the sea, because their labour is expensive, and they are a nuisance. We are not mainly anxious to see slavery abolished by the annihilation of the slaves. The slaves are the objects of our sympathy. Our concern is to have justice done to *them*, though it be done at the price of the freemen's surrender of some of their privileges, the diminishing of the funds in the exchequer, and the impoverishing of the national domain. And it is our conviction that this is to be done not by the efforts of selfishness, but by the exertions of self-denial; not by the agency of the senses, but by the action of the soul. *Justice for the black man, at any price*; this, then, is our leading principle. It is a principle which distinguishes the anti-slavery movement from every other movement that is only incidentally and partially anti-slavery. It a principle that explains all the arguments and justifies all the methods proposed by anti-slavery people.

2. It is this principle which forces us to make our next demand, the immediate emancipation of the slave. For the same reason which makes us wish that an individual who is pursuing vicious courses, in gambling, drunkenness, evil companionship, or in any other way, shall break them off instantly and forever, at any cost of physical and mental suffering, short of death itself, we insist that States and persons who are guilty of holding human beings in bondage, to the detriment of their physical, mental and social condition, shall at once put an end to that practice. The duty is a *moral* duty, precisely the same on a large scale as on a small one, for goodness is goodness, and vice is vice, and the law that regulates man's conduct towards them recognises no distinction between great and little, nations and men. If it be objected that as some personal vices, becoming deep-seated and inveterate, cannot be abandoned immediately without extreme danger, and must therefore be gradually dropped, so this great evil must be abolished by slow degrees—that the immediate emancipation of the Southern slaves would be not only perilous to the country, but, above all, dangerous and ruinous to them—that they must be prepared, first by education and instruction in the industrial arts—it is my sufficient reply that the act of emancipation is essentially in the *will*. The emancipation is, to all intents and purposes, *achieved* when there is a deliberate, manful, Christian *determination* to emancipate. This determination may be instantaneous, though its workings be slow. A man may be a slave to the habit of *inebriety* to such a degree that the immediate and total abstinence from all kinds of intoxicating liquors would be fatal to his constitution and to his sanity. Let us grant it, for the sake of argument. Still, if he ever means to reform at all, his *will* to reform, and to reform immediately, must be full, thorough, instantaneous, unswerving. He must see the full enormity of his offence; he must dread and abhor it, and must resolve, with all the energy of his soul, to do his very utmost to release himself from it. This done, the deed is virtually done, though months may elapse before it be entirely executed. The same principle holds good in the emancipation of slaves. It is very obvious, to me at least, that there must be preparation for it. But to say that is only to say the act must be a complex and comprehensive one, and not simple and individual; an act embracing *many* acts, and no bare solitary, isolated transaction. It may be so; but the beginning, middle and end of the whole is done when the purpose to undertake it is clearly and decisively taken up. We wish to see some manifestations of such a purpose fairly formed, vigorously conceived, grounded on Christian principle, resolute to accomplish, to the fullest extent, all that the laws of justice and mercy require, sternly bent upon *bearing* all things and *enduring* all things for the sake of achieving the triumphant result. In *this* sense, certainly, immediate emancipation presents no financial or political impossibilities. In this sense every one must accept it, and urge the necessity of it, who is at all interested in the freedom of the African race. I am not recommending now any plan of gradual emancipation, such as Mr. Jefferson suggested in Virginia, and Mr. Clay brought forward in Kentucky—plans which meditated the abolition of slavery just as fast as might be consistent with the comfort and convenience of the slave-owners—plans which were not proposed in the spirit of broad humanity nor urged in the temper of a stern self-sacrifice. The principle of immediate emancipation demands self-sacrifice, and is founded upon humanity; it does not consult the conveni[illegible] and comfort of the slave-owners, but, allowing that the ac[illegible]ment of the work may be slow, asserts that the [illegible]mplished should be just and generous, that [illegible] o accomplish should be swift and ener[illegible] [illegible] understand it, is the doctrine of imme[illegible]on—a doctrine which has been misunder[illegible] [illegible]apprehended, abused and maligned, but which follows inevitably from the moral axioms with which the anti-slavery people start.

3. One other doctrine has been steadily avowed by the moral foes of slavery, which has been, if possible, still more obnoxious to the American mind. They insist that there shall be "*No Union with slaveholders.*" This position is taken in the belief that such *Union* can only protect and strengthen the institution of slavery; that, instead of enabling us to act with more effect upon the Southern conscience, in which case it ought to be preserved, it fatally involves us in Southern guilt, pledges our aid in the slave-owner's behalf, and makes us the serviceable tools to execute his designs; that, bound together by this Union, we can do the slave no good, but only tie the hands which might render him help; and instead of converting the master to our liberty, are more likely to be converted by him to his slavery. Not for the sake of shirking responsibility, not with a view to saving trouble, not with a pharisaical disposition to fling off people whom we ought to redeem, nor even with the design of shaking from their immaculate shoes the dust of complicity with unrighteous laws and usages for which they are not in the least responsible, is the doctrine, "No Union with Slaveholders," proclaimed; but because there is a belief that, while the Union is fast and close, the interests of the slave cannot be reached, nor the cause of his deliverance promoted. And this belief is not a fanatical notion, but a calm, deliberate conviction, grounded upon a large survey of facts, justified by the confessions of the more respectable presses both North and South, and confirmed by the attitude and character of the Government.

But, allowing the truth of all this, it may fairly be asked how this dissolution of union is to be brought to pass? It is one of those transactions that are easier talked about than done. A vast deal of thinking, arguing, teaching, persuading, converting, must precede an event like that. Imagine what a spiritual process must be passed through before a single State like Massachusetts could form and carry out the resolution of withdrawing itself from the remaining States. What are to be free States, and what not? Where is the dividing line to be drawn? Upon what terms, with what understanding, in what spirit is the separation to be executed? Before these questions can be answered, before they can be seriously entertained, the whole community must experience a radical change of heart. When it shall have experienced such a change from se[illegible] to humane sentiments, from Mammon to the Lord, the thing [illegible] way will be opened, the obstacles will be removed, the transaction w[illegible] the simplest possible.

We say, therefore, of disunion, as we said of immediate emancipation, that it must be a spiritual *process* before it can become an actual fact. It must begin, ay, and be completed in the mind, and be all carried through potentially, before there can be the least approach towards a realization of it. To break away from the compact mechanically is quite impossible. The nation has no will or wish to execute the articles. But we may break off internally, with no greater convulsion than is experienced in passing from one frame of temper to another. This, then, as I understand it, is the meaning of Disunion. It is the separation of our interior *selves* from all sympathy with the slaveholding temper and projects; it is the disengaging of our minds, radically and utterly, from the ideas, principles, prejudices and passions which sustain the institution of slavery; it is the withholding of our approval from the laws, local or organic, upon which such institutions must rest; it is the absolute "coming out" from the ruling spirit of this age of savage money-getting and a barbarous contempt of *man as man*. This essentially and really is *Disunion*; not merely the breaking up of external relations, but the deliberate divorcement of *minds* that cannot think, feel, hope, love, labour together. If our people would but endeavour to bring about a disunion like *this*, the other disunion, the literal dissolution of the Union, would follow when it was time for it to come, and it would follow peaceably, as a matter of course. That this radical disunion does exist to a considerable extent, and is to some degree felt, is openly confessed, not only in speeches and newspaper articles, but in criminations and recriminations, in wordy quarrels and bowie-knife brawls—in a general sense of uneasiness, that amounts to a suppressed war—in a conflict of *interests*, that must work down deeper and deeper until it becomes a conflict of *principles*. The North is beginning to see that the South is divided from it by its theory of government, its views of labour, its ideas respecting the social state of man, its notions of human rights and duties. It is the work and the righteous work of good haters of slavery to open a gulf broader and more fathomless than this; to beget a conviction that there is and can be no fellowship between light and darkness, no union between Christianity and Paganism; nothing but absolute repulsion between minds that believe that man was made in God's image, a being to be enlightened, uplifted, blest, and minds that believe that man is an *animal*, to be worked, despised and beaten.

If we are ever to exert any saving influence upon the slave-owners themselves—if we are ever to convince them of their mistake, or bring them to a conviction in harmony with our own—it is our duty to let them see that we cherish a conviction *now* that is hostile to their own. The day conquers the night, not by merging into it, as a mild twilight, but by gathering all its most refulgent rays and pouring in its shafts of light with constantly increasing vividness and force. And they who hope to overcome the ignorance and moral darkness wherein slavery shrouds itself must make it a solemn duty to withdraw themselves from its shadow with all possible speed, to stand, like the Angel of the Apocalypse, in the very noonday sun of Christian thought and feeling, and thus neutralize and expel the miasma that is breeding below. In no malignant temper need this be done, in no temper of party animosity towards the slaveholder, in no spirit of bitter human hate towards the men who have inherited such a dreadful curse and been educated into the infatuation of believing it to be a *blessing*. We may extend towards them all the allowances of a just and reasonable charity. But for all that, we must foster in our own hearts a spirit that cannot live and breathe in the same atmosphere with them.

As to the *Union*, it is nothing more than a political catchword. It answers in America to the word *Loyalty* in monarchical governments, a phrase that contains no substantial meaning, that is applied by the most unscrupulous tories to the most infamous kings, and which dupes thick-headed people into the idea that they are patriots, when they are nothing but flunkeys. It is a word without any moral significance or weight whatever. It may describe the mechanical junction of opposites as well as the free harmony of things congenial. I think it is recorded of the Etruscan King Mezentius, whom Virgil speaks of in his Æneid, that he used to punish his enemies by lashing them face to face with a corpse; and there the close-locked pair stood, day by day, the corpse gaining no vitality from the lusty body of its partner, but continually breathing its own taint into the heaving lungs of health, till the bright blood changed to black poison, and the elastic frame became a lump of clay. There was a case of indissoluble union. God save us from such a *Union* as that.

If it is objected to the anti-slavery people that they have contributed nothing to the solution of the problem which they have been the chief agents in starting, that their function is only to furnish stimulants and not wisdom, it may be fairly answered that the solution will come when the problem shall have been set before the whole country with sufficient distinctness; that wisdom will not be wanting when the incentives to its exercise shall have become strong enough. Where there is a will, there is a way; and, unhappily, the will is lacking yet. We are far yet from having touched the country's conscience or moved its heart. When that shall be done, if it ever is to *be* done, the statesman will appear who will be competent to express the moral convictions of the people in national laws and relationships; who, with the furnaces glowing in full blast below and the winds of Heaven blowing fresh above, will be able to guide the ship of Empire through the stormiest sea in safety.

Mr. PILLSBURY arose and offered the following resolutions:

Resolved, That in John P. Hale of New Hampshire, Nathaniel P. Banks and Henry Wilson of Massachusetts, and *The New York Tribune*, we recognise full and fair exponents and representatives of the acknowledged leaders of the Republican party; and,

Whereas one of these boasts of having supported a slaveholder for the Presidency, and that he would do the same again; and another boldly asserts that he would to-day "intrust the interests of the country to a Palmetto man" (meaning a South Carolinian), and then adds, "I would in God's name say, give us a Palmetto man always, forever, because wherever there is a Palmetto man there is always a will"; another said in the Senate of the United States that the Republican party is pre-eminently the party of State Rights, and the other also declared to the Senate and to the South that the Republican party is emphatically the party of Union, and that, were it in power, every Disunionist should die a traitor's death and leave a traitor's name in the history of the Republic; therefore,

Resolved, That until these men repent of these declarations, or the party repudiate these measures and brand them as they deserve, we shall hold the party and their leaders as really more dangerous to the cause of Liberty and humanity than any party ever formed since the foundation of the Government.

Mr. GARRISON followed with a few remarks. He said he should begin to have some hope of this country, should begin to think we were approaching the Jubilee, when a Northern audience could look a contribution-box in the face, and when a proposition to take up a collection to carry on this noblest and grandest enterprise of the age should not cause a general panic and dispersion in the audience. Nobody was required to give anything, and any one might say to the collector, either respectfully or disrespectfully, "I have nothing to give, I take no interest in your movement." It was cowardly in any person to be driven out by the sight of a contribution-box.

Mr. G. then remarked that we were living under a despotism; that we had no constitutional rights, which was illustrated by the South preventing their citizens from voting for the representatives of freedom. He believed that, while this blood-stained Union lasted, we could save nothing.

Adjourned till 3 o'clock, p. m.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

The PRESIDENT introduced to the audience EDMUND QUINCY, of Massachusetts.

SPEECH OF EDMUND QUINCY.

It is not of my own free will, you very well know, Mr. Chairman, that I appear on this platform this afternoon, for I do not consider oratory my speciality. But I, when I first enlisted in this warfare, expected to obey the order of my officers, whether it were to lead a forlorn hope or to command a division, or whatever directions I should receive; therefore I appear here to-day.

I was in hopes that a fugitive slave, who I had understood was present at the meeting, would have appeared here either as a substitute or a text for my speech; for I conceive that what we most of all need to keep in mind and to stir up our hearts with is, not the idea of the wrongs which slavery has done to ourselves, but to the slave, compared with whose wrongs ours are as the dust of the balance. I had hoped to have had a slave at my side, to point to him, as Anthony did to the robe of Cæsar, and show the wounds which that human soul had received. What more impressive, affecting and instructive spectacle can be presented to an intelligent mind and feeling heart than that of a human being who has been stripped by the act of man of every right which God gave him—who has been made the victim of associated and organized villany and crime? I think the presence of a slave on this platform would be the very best argument that could be offered to this meeting in favour of the philosophy of this Anti-Slavery Society, in favour of the dissolution of the American Union, because it should make us ashamed to be in company, in partnership with an organization that upholds and sustains such a stupendous crime.

A gentleman, some five and twenty years ago, had the [illegible] newspaper, in Boston, in which he maintained the right of the slave to himself and the duty of the master to emancipate him at once. The Legislature of Georgia thereupon authorized the Governor of that State to pay a bounty of $5,000 for the delivery of the head of Garrison to the executive authorities.

Mr. GARRISON desired to state that he had ascertained last evening that he was no longer a Garrisonian, but a Covenanter-Abolitionist, for his worthy friend, the minister who then addressed the meeting, had proved conclusively, to his entire satisfaction, that the Covenanters had gone before him, had analyzed the Constitution and taken their position against slavery, so that the odium was removed from him and attached to them. Hence he submitted to the Legislature of Georgia that they should transfer the reward from him to some one of the old Covenanters—that they should catch one of the ringleaders first (applause).

Mr. QUINCY (continuing)—Be that as it may, I humbly conceive the discovery is of no particular value to our worthy President at the present moment. Suppose he should be kidnapped and put on board of a pilot-boat and carried down to the Governor of Georgia; do you think that the Executive of the United States would interfere and order the army or the navy down there to deliver him? What is the use of the Government in this case? The object of government is to protect the weak.

The speaker then adverted to the fact that Mr. Underwood had been obliged to leave his home in Virginia simply on account of his political preference in favour of one of the Presidential candidates, which ran counter to the sentiment of that State; also to a professor of chemistry in the South, who first lost his place in a Southern college and was then driven from the State for the same reason; also to a Baptist clergyman in South Carolina, with not even the smell of anti-slavery on his garments, who was driven from his pulpit, for disapproving of the act of Mr. Brooks in beating the head of Mr. Sumner; also to the expulsion of Mr. Hoar from Charleston.

He complained of the Union not only because it did not protect us, but forbade us to protect ourselves; he complained of it because it changed a republic to an oligarchy the most outrageous that ever existed. People were very apt to think that the Slave Power was at least one-half of the country—that it was an immense body of men whose rights were protected by the Constitution. But, taking out of the number of slaveholders those who owned less than ten, the greater part of whom were not owners, but merely hirers, and consequently had no political interest in the slave property, but probably a financial interest for its abolition, and taking out a reasonable proportion of women and minors owning in their own right, probably not over 75,000 voting men constituted the Slave Power; so that 23,925,000 souls were under the absolute political control of 75,000 men. And that we called a republic! Such a republic did not suit him; he abhorred it; he wanted to have a respectable government, one that a gentleman could touch without dirtying his fingers.

Mr. Quincy explained the position of the non-voting Abolitionists, and said that it was just as easy as lying to rehabilitate themselves. In the old days of England, large numbers of persons had been shut out of Parliament and other high places because of their opinions—because they would not submit to a certain test oath. It might have been said to them, "What consequence is that; why don't you renounce the Pope and acknowledge the supremacy of the King? It is a mere mental evasion." But Daniel O'Connell did not think so, the Duke of Norfolk and the Earl of Shrewsbury did not think so, and they might have taken their seats in Parliament at any moment, and taken their part in that very question of Catholic emancipation, if they had only chosen to acknowledge the supremacy of the King.

Though it was impossible to tell how this Union was going to be dissolved, yet its dissolution was as inevitable as that oil would be separated from water when shaken together. It was a mechanical Union, held together by imaginary interest. There were persons now living who remembered how difficult it was to adopt the Constitution. It was only by a majority of 19 in the Convention of the State of Massachusetts that it was adopted, and then only by the weight of the influence of John Hancock. And only nine States—just precisely the necessary number required—voted for it.

He objected to the Union because it offered the highest possible bonus to the slaveholders to hold on to their slaves. What oligarchy ever voluntarily abandoned the principle of its power? Here and there through the scattered pages of history there was a Scylla, a Dioclesian, or a Charles the Fifth, who had abdicated their power, but where was the aristocracy that ever gave up its prerogatives except on compulsion of physical force, or moral force which shadowed forth the physical force immediately to follow? Slaveholders knew that they would be richer in the aggregate by the freedom of the slave—that the rise of real estate would follow emancipation. Why, then, did they hold on to their slaves? Because it was the element of political power.

The kingdom of the devil, no less than the kingdom of God, was within us. Slavery existed in this country because the people liked it. The anti-slavery movement had wrought a great change in the public sentiment. A great many besides Speaker Banks were ready to "let the Union slide" under certain circumstances. As soon as the slaveholders saw that the moral support of the North was withdrawn, and, as a natural consequence, the physical and political support, they would lose no time in making their arrangements for emancipation. And he might venture to prophesy that the first step towards the abolition of slavery would be in South Carolina. When South Carolina saw that they could not hold on to it any longer, that the North would not submit to their insolent aggressions, it would not be long before the powerful men of that State would be turning their thoughts to emancipation. It was to bring about that event that we were working. We worked by faith and not by sight, as all reformers had done. Reform always existed first in ideas; the reformer saw what was possible might be actual. We were pointing out the evil which must be removed in order to substitute its opposite good in its place. How it was to be done we could not tell, but that it would be done was as certain as that God was seated on the throne of the universe (applause).

Miss FRANCES ELLEN WATKINS, of Baltimore, one of the proscribed race, was the next speaker. She was listened to with breathless attention for three-quarters of an hour. Her address was an elaborate and finished composition, full of beauty and pathos, and her delivery was excellent. Nothing but a full report would do justice to the subject.

Mr. QUINCY announced that there was present on the platform a coloured woman of Mexican birth, who, though not a slave, illustrated in her history the condition and treatment of the proscribed race. The woman had intended to come before the audience and state her case, but her courage had failed her. Mr. Q. then made a brief statement of her history, which we prefer giving in a little more detail from an article contained in *The Tribune* of the 12th inst., headed "Running the Gauntlet."

"On the 20th of last July, the steamer St. John, running on the route between Savannah, Georgia, and Jacksonville, Florida, took fire while lying at the latter place, and was partially destroyed. The stewardess, a free Mexican negress, named Angelina Washington, was charged by the officers of the boat with the arson, and she was committed to jail to await a trial. As it was well known that this boat, and others belonging to the same line, owing to the culpable carelessness of her officers, had been on fire several times previously, doubts as to Angelina's guilt were created in the minds of one or two gentlemen who took an interest in her welfare, and, upon investigating the circumstances surrounding the matter, they became convinced of her innocence. After she had been kept in close confinement nine months, one of these gentlemen, having succeeded in procuring counsel for her, urged the case to trial, and, in spite of perjury and most powerful influence exerted against her by the parties anxious to save themselves from merited disgrace through her destruction, she was acquitted. But was she in safety? Ah no! The chivalrous Floridans, like the rest of the valiant natives of the 'Sunny South,' were determined that a free negress should not escape hanging, if her hanging could by any method be accomplished; and the 'Regulators' were at once put upon her track. Her philanthropic friend happened to be that terror of the flesh-dealers, 'a shrewd Yankee'; and after encountering a series of dangers, which wellnigh resulted in his own and her destruction, the 'Regulators' were baffled, the negress was smuggled out of the slave States and brought in safety to this city. She is now here in the house of an eminent clergyman.

"The life of this negress (who is young, intelligent, and worthy) has been exceedingly eventful. She was born in Monterey, where she was living at the time the war broke out between the United States and Mexico. During the war she acted as an interpreter for the United States mounted riflemen, and, of course, made the acquaintance of many of our officers. One of these, Lieut. Clemens, at the conclusion of the struggle, brought her to this country as a family servant, and here she has remained, earning a livelihood reputably and industriously, and gaining a right to the respect of all with whom she came in contact. In travelling through the slave States with her, Lieut. Clemens was beset by a great variety of difficulties in his endeavours to save her from being enslaved. The papers provided to pass her chainless from place to place (they are now in her possession) are voluminous, and their written contents are as pretentious and as prolix as the documents involving a treaty between two great national powers. They prove the terrible opposition made and felt 'down South' to the freedom of a person with a black skin. A black snake can travel with as much comfort through the Southern country as a free black human being. We have given but a mere outline of the most important of this Mexican girl's experiences in 'the land of the free and the home of the brave.'

"By the way, the girl was born free, on foreign soil; and, in the service of *our* country, she had earned a double claim to liberty; yet, albeit she was legally and morally acquitted of all crimes, the 'Regulators' of Florida declared that she 'should not live' among them. We hope she may be able henceforth to live here."

The PRESIDENT now arose and offered the following preamble and resolutions, additional to the series:

Whereas, evidently pressed and alarmed by the growing anti-slavery spirit of the times, threatening the withdrawal from it of public confidence and support, the American Tract Society, at its annual meeting last year, reluctantly appointed a Special Committee to inquire into and review the proceedings of the Society's Executive Committee—great complaint having been made against them for refusing to issue a single tract or a single page against American Chattel Slavery, and also for having expurgated of all condemnatory allusions to that "sum of all villanies" several foreign works republished by them—and

Whereas that Special Committee (composed largely of eminent Doctors of Divinity) have just made their Report, which has been accepted by the Society, and which is characterized by all that is cowardly in spirit, deceptive in statement, and Jesuitical in phraseology, neither criminating the Executive Committee for their past inexcusable conduct nor admitting that they have done wrong in any instance, nor denouncing slavery as a crime, but only vaguely alluding to "those moral evils and vices which it is known to promote"; and

Whereas it is manifestly designed, by this Report, to give neither offence to the slaveholders of the South nor countenance to the anti-slavery movement of the North, but to quiet agitation in the ranks of the friends and patrons of the Tract Society, by administering an opiate prepared with all possible priestly cunning and skill; therefore,

Resolved, That we renewedly bear our testimony against the American Tract Society, as inherently pro-slavery and thoroughly time-serving, and, therefore, destitute of Christian integrity and common humanity; so that to contribute to its funds, or to give it any countenance whatever, is to be guilty of a moral offence of the first magnitude.

Resolved, That, in continuing on its Publishing Committee Rev. NEHEMIAH ADAMS, of Boston, the author of that surprisingly audacious and wicked work entitled *A South-Side View of Slavery*, the American Tract Society has deepened its guilt, and revealed its moral deformity so plainly that they will henceforth be utterly without excuse who shall continue to bestow their patronage upon it.

WM. WELLS BROWN next took the platform. He was loath to speak to the audience at so late an hour, and yet, when he saw on his right a lady who had known what slavery was, and on his left another who was doing all she could to obtain the means whereby to purchase her husband from slavery, his interest in the general subject would not let him hold his peace. It was not surprising that Mr. Purvis should be carried away with his feelings whenever he spoke upon this great question. He could scarcely see how any coloured man could speak upon it with calmness. It was repeatedly said that the slave was satisfied in his chains. The contemplated insurrectionary movements among them in the last year had removed from the visions of many that veil. He was glad to see in the papers so much about the discontent of the slaves in the South. He did not believe that God would ever free the slave until he was ready to free himself by his own right hand. He had rather they would free themselves than be made free by anybody else; and he believed that the time had come when the slave should raise his hand in defence of his rights—to use the hoe or the axe, or anything else that circumstances might throw in his way, to aid him in gaining his freedom. He wished there could be a general insurrection next week, and he had rather a million lives were lost in an unsuccessful insurrection than that there should be no insurrection at all. He was sick of being told that his race was a submissive one, born to be slaves. He would have them fight. To him San Domingo was one of the brightest spots on the face of the globe, for there the slaves were ready to sacrifice their lives to gain their liberties. It was because the Southern slave was thought to be submissive that Judge Taney had declared the coloured man had no rights which the white man was bound to respect. He would have the slave assert his rights and force them to respect him. He knew that his friend, C. C. Burleigh, would not agree with him, and saw that he was eager to pounce upon his views.

Mr. BURLEIGH arose and proceeded to oppose what had been said with all his might. If he favoured an appeal to physical force in the liberation of the slave, he would feel it necessary to take his name from the list of the Society, for in its Constitution was a clause binding its members not to encourage an appeal to physical force. He was opposed to a resort to physical force; and he believed if the slaves were to resort to it, their utter annihilation would be the result.

The PRESIDENT stated that the discussion was entirely incidental. He did not know that there was any proposition to change the Constitution, and therefore he did not consider the discussion in order at that particular time. He would say, however, that the Society recognised the right of the slave to resort to physical force, as being equal with that of our fathers to resist the aggression under which they suffered for a time. He thought if Bunker Hill was good for our fathers, a Bunker Hill, somewhere down in South Carolina, would be just as good for the slave.

The motion being now made for the adoption of the series of resolutions,

The PRESIDENT stated that, as the Society could not vote intelligently on the resolutions in regard to the Tract Society, as the report of that Society was just out and they

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were not cognizant of all that had transpired at the meeting of the Society, he would, therefore, withdraw those resolutions and let the question be taken on the rest of the series.

The series of resolutions were accordingly adopted.

Mr. BURLEIGH moved a reconsideration, desiring to oppose the adoption of the resolutions offered by Mr. Pillsbury.

The motion to reconsider was put and carried.

Mr. BURLEIGH then opposed the resolutions as false in logic and false in fact.

After some further debate, the series of resolutions, with the exception of Mr. Pillsbury's, were adopted, and, on motion of Mr. PHILLIPS, the latter were laid on the table by a vote of 17 to 6.

Mr. MAY, from the Committee on Nominations, reported the following list of Officers for the ensuing year:

PRESIDENT.

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON, MASSACHUSETTS.

VICE-PRESIDENTS.

...er Libbey, Maine.	Thomas Whitson, Pennsylvania.
...eph Melendy, New Hampshire.	Joseph Moore, "
...odore B. Moses, "	George Atkinson, New Jersey.
...el C. Claflin, Vermont.	Alfred Gibbs Campbell, "
...ncis Jackson, Massachusetts.	Thomas Garrett, Delaware.
...mund Quincy, "	Thomas Donaldson, Ohio.
...a Fairbanks, Rhode Island.	Sarah Otis Ernst, "
...es B. Whitcomb, Connecticut.	Benjamin Bown.
...uel J. May, New York.	William Hearn, Indiana.
...nelius Bramhall, "	William Hopkins, "
...y Post, "	Joseph Merritt, Michigan.
...nt Sexton, "	Thomas Chandler. "
...retia Mott, Pennsylvania.	Cyrus Fuller, "
...Purvis "	Carver Tomlinson, Illinois.
...ard M. Davis, "	Caleb Green, Minnesota.
Georgiana B. Kirby, California.	

CORRESPONDING SECRETARY.

S. H. GAY, NEW YORK CITY.

RECORDING SECRETARY.

WENDELL PHILLIPS, BOSTON.

TREASURER.

FRANCIS JACKSON, BOSTON.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

William Lloyd Garrison.	Sydney Howard Gay.
Francis Jackson.	Eliza Lee Follen.
Edmund Quincy.	Charles F. Hovey.
Maria Weston Chapman.	Samuel May, Jr.
Wendell Phillips.	William I. Bowditch.
Anne Warren Weston.	Charles K. Whipple.

The Report was adopted, and the Society adjourned *sine die.*

TREASURER'S REPORT.

...NCIS JACKSON, *Treasurer, in account with the American Anti-Slavery Society, from May, 1856, to May, 1857.*

DR.

STANDARD and Donation account	$15,174 61
...ublication account	57 98
...ance from old account	4,076 04
Total	$19,308 63

CR.

Expense account	$2,035 56
STANDARD account	7,189 27
Publication account	1,046 95
Agency account	5,776 07
balance to new account	3,260 78
Total	$19,308 63

...E.) New York, May 1, 1857.
(Signed) S. H. GAY, Assistant Treasurer.

...ave examined the above account and find it correctly cast and ...items properly vouched. OLIVER JOHNSON.

The Receipts of the Auxiliary Societies in Massachusetts, ... York, Pennsylvania, Ohio and Michigan, for their last ...l years, were $18,854 03, which, added to those of the ...erican Society ($19,308 63), make a total of $38,162 66. ...enditures, for one year, of the American Society and auxil...s, $33,970 12.

CONTRIBUTIONS

To the American Anti-Slavery Society, May 13th, 1857.

...d in New York,	$10 00	Rufus T. King,	1 00
...s. Keithe,	1 00	J. Polhemus,	1 00
...h,	50	John L. Jenkins,	45
...nuad Quincy,	10 00	Catharine Willis,	1 00
...n Haslem,	5 00	T. S. Greenman,	5 00
...h H. Marshall,	1 00	D. E. Coleman,	1 00
...ph and Mary Post,	20 00	Mary Ann Griffing,	1 00
...d,	1 00	Robert Bruce,	1 00
S. ...Gay,	1 00	Caroline Marshall,	3 00
...id Ketcham,	2 00	Sarah Mann,	1 00
...nd,	1 00	R. W. Sloan,	2 00
...ph Merrill,	2 00	W. H. Topp,	5 00
...ph Moore,	5 00	H. B. Blackwell,	5 00
...A. Pierce,	1 00	J. L. Wilde,	1 00
...nes Pierce,	2 00	N. Miller,	1 00
...ph Carpenter,	6 00	Charles Barnes,	25
...her C. Pierce,	2 00	Catharine Post,	1 00
...h,	50	Elizabeth R. Post,	1 00
...H. L. Cabot,	5 00	Geo. Greenman,	2 00
...D. Y.,	5 00	N. Hallock,	1 00
...Ketchum,	13 00	J. H. Taylor,	1 00
Friend,	5 00	Rev. G. A. Magee,	1 00
...end, Mass.,	25 00	N. Hallock,	3 00
...ker Pillsbury,	2 00	V. H. Hallock,	1 00
...becca Spring,	5 00	S. May, Jr.,	2 00
...ny Sexton,	10 00	Wm. L. Garrison,	1 00
...E. L. Rose,	1 00	Thomas Truesdale,	2 00
...inda Gibbs,	1 00	Cornelius Bramhall,	2 00
...rietta Hallock,	1 00	E. D. Hudson,	1 00
...ah Scram,	1 00	Martha Hudson,	1 00
...Ketcham,	5 00	Taken at door,	87 65
...Hallock,	1 00	Collections,	108 51
...W. Martin,	1 00		

PLEDGES

To the American Anti-Slavery Society, May 13th, 1857.

...S. B. Shaw,	$100 00	Caroline Ellis, No. 143 Church street,	1 00
...ncis Jackson,	200 00		
...ren Wetmore,	200 00	Mary Dean, 371 Twenty-ninth street,	1 00
...N. Brown, Kingsboro, Fulton Co.,	10 00	Mary Waters, 90 Fulton street,	
[illegible]	5 00	H. Smith & Co.,	3 00
...ron Phillips,	5 00	E. H. Waters,	
...ria R. De Peyster,	10 00		
...n R. Bramhall,	25 00	Harriet Johnson,	25
...D. Culver,	5 00	H. P. Hale,	50
...mund Quincy,	100 00	Caroline Hill, No. 140 Bleecker st.,	1 00
...May, Jr.,	25 00		
...C. Underwood,	5 00	Rowland and Henrietta Johnson,	30 00
...S. Dewey, Harlem,	5 00		
...th (Mr. Rye),	5 00	Wendell Phillips,	200 00

NEW YORK CITY ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

FOURTH ANNIVERSARY.

The Fourth Anniversary of this Society was held at the City Assembly Rooms, on Wednesday evening, May 13th, and was well attended.

SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, President of the Society, called the meeting to order, and introduced, as the first speaker, C. C. BURLEIGH, of Connecticut.

SPEECH OF MR. BURLEIGH.

I had expected to be a listener this evening, as I had understood that the speakers were designated who would instruct and interest you; but, called upon to take the attitude of a speaker rather than a listener, my principle in reference to such matters forbids my hesitation, and I stand before you as the advocate of a cause which is sufficient to inspire even a more sluggish spirit than mine, though it be summoned to action at a moment's notice.

I suppose that most who are here have been listening to the discussions of the last two days and know somewhat of the ground upon which we stand. This Society, auxiliary to that which has been claiming your attention, presents the same issues, holds the same principles, employs the same measures, and aims at the same object. We desire to see the instant and utter overthrow of slavery. We desire it alike on account of the moral character of slavery and of its economical and political bearings. Our warfare against it wields the weapons alike of expediency and of moral principle; indeed, we say that there can be no separation between the expedient and the morally right. There are those who talk about statesmanship as being necessary in determining such great questions as this now agitating the country, meaning thereby a certain quality of mind which stands hesitating between admitted right and the apparently possible, the temporarily expedient. We hold no union with such sentiments as that; we do not believe in that definition of statesmanship. Sometime ago a member of Congress taunted a distinguished citizen of New York, then representing a portion of the State in the National Legislature, with a want of statesmanship. Why? Because he meant to apply stern, uncompromising moral principle to all questions of State policy. That was evident, in the estimation of a shrew politician, that he was no statesman. Taking that for the test, we are no statesmen, for we believe that it is neither right nor wise to deviate a hair's-breadth from that which is absolutely right. Having ascertained and determined what God's law of truth and justice requires, we leave other men to split hairs over the questions of political economy and State policy; our road is straightforward.

We are opposed to one moment's longer continuance of slavery because of its essential immorality, and we deem it of some importance to press this principle. If you could prove that men in every calling were growing rich in consequence of slavery, it does not touch the point we are pressing. Slavery is just as wrong if it were picking our pockets as if it were filling them. As a matter of fact, we believe that it is picking them, and that the Northern people are deluded when they suppose that their pecuniary interests are promoted by the course they pursue. That kind of anti-slavery which rests upon the expediency and impolicy of the slave system would be completely annihilated by the sort of argument used by the Cape Cod sea captain, who said to his neighbour, "Don't go to that anti-slavery meeting, because you know Cape Cod can't raise its own provisions; and just as soon as slavery is abolished, it will make corn three or four cents a bushel dearer."

Another reason for pressing the moral aspect of slavery. There has been exultation at the state of things in Missouri, on account of the election of an anti-slavery Mayor and member of Congress in St. Louis; and we are told that there is a party in Eastern Missouri which is moving the question of emancipation in that State. Before God, I rejoice at it; I rejoice if anti-slavery is preached even in strife and contention. But it is a movement of free white labour against black slave labour in Missouri; slavery is to be abolished because the Missouri slaveholder will be made richer by means of free than by slave labour. I am glad they have chosen the name of "Emancipation party"; for, though that name does not quite suit the case, it is enough not to identify them with us. They ought to call themselves the "Extermination party," their object being to get rid of slavery and the slaves together.

The speaker then adverted to the defence of slavery by pro-slavery divines, and remarked that they began with a lie—by representing slavery as altogether different from what it was. Dr. Lord and Dr. Adams, he said, began by talking about the patriarchial institution with dependence, affection and duty on one side, and wisdom and power on the other, exercised for the good of the dependents. Here were ignorant, helpless men, they said, who didn't know what was best for them, and here were good and wise men who did know, and who, not from a selfish interest, but for the good of their dependents, or for the mutual advantage of both at the worst, held the former class in servitude. The slavery which those men maintained was one that recognised, to some extent at least, the rights of the enslaved, and then, having made that sort of argument upon an ideal of slavery, they called it actual slavery. They painted a portrait, which might not be unpleasant to the eye, and asked if that was a representation of the arch-enemy of mankind; and when people answered no, then they wrote under it, "Slavery," and asked if slavery was not, after all, a pretty good sort of a thing, and if the Abolitionists had not been presenting an altogether enormous picture of it. He would ask Dr. Lord if an institution which forbade the attendance of a slave at a religious meeting, unless a specified number of spies on his devotion were present, was a system in accordance with natural and revealed religion? and see if Dr. Lord would not stammer and hesitate before he gave it his approval (applause).

The speaker related an incident which occurred in a discussion between himself and one of this class of clergymen, who took substantially the ground taken by Dr. Lord. When it came Mr. Burleigh's turn to reply, he stated that the Supreme Court of North Carolina had decided that the sole object of the relation of the slave was the profit of the master and the safety of society, and no part of it the good of the slave; that it had no analogy to the relation of guardian and ward, master and apprentice, employer and employed, because in all those relations the object was the mutual good of both parties, and then he asked the reverend gentleman if that was an institution in accordance with nature and revelation. The gentleman wanted time to answer, and so he asked to have the question repeated. He repeated it and told him he wanted a direct answer, yes or no. The gentleman still hesitated, and at length said, "I will not answer that question, because it has nothing to do with the subject" (laughter). He was embarrassed in the same way that certain persons of old were in answering the question whether the baptism of John was of Heaven or of men. If he had answered that nature and the Bible sanctioned that kind of slavery, he feared the people would condemn the Bible; and if he had answered that the Bible did not sanction it, he knew the people would ask him, "Then, why do you defend it?" That was the position of these defenders of slavery; they were defending something which was not slavery, pretending that the portrait which they drew was a true likeness of that which was to be found in the Southern States.

Men believed that the course which the Abolitionists pointed out would endanger the Union. He would ask any one of his hearers if he would refuse to open his door to welcome the fugitive, or whether he would thrust him out? If he welcomed and sheltered him, he had broken the compact, and, so far as he individually was concerned, had dissolved the Union. What right had he to delegate to another power which he could not himself conscientiously exercise? Let them answer this question: If you see a sailor, shipwrecked, dashing gallantly through the waves and struggling towards that promontory that puts out into the billows—if you see him, at length, grasping with his bleeding hands the sharp jutting crags and seizing hold of the twig that shoots out from the side of the rock—will you stand above and smite off the twig that he holds on by and let him roll back into the devouring flood (applause)? And when, with heroic energy, the slave has cast himself into the billows and buffeted the waves until he has reached the borders of a land of freedom, and, with outstretched hands, he is clinging fast to one twig of support, will you take the hatchet of Massachusetts law, wielded in the hands of a United States commissioner, and cut off the twig and roll him back into the fiery abyss of slavery (answers of no, no, from all parts of the house)? No; every man says no; I will trample the Constitution of the United States under my feet; I will trample the bonds of this blood-stained Union under my feet, though they should snap at every step that I tread (applause and a few hisses). This is just what we want; and with this plain statement of what we mean, I leave you to listen to others who will interest and instruct you (applause).

SPEECH OF MRS. ERNESTINE L. ROSE.

My friends, is it not a strange and a humiliating fact that in this so-called land of liberty, in the second half of the nineteenth century, we should be called upon to meet here to help the poor coloured man to plead for his freedom. Many times as I have heard it, many times more as I have felt it, yet I never hear of it or speak of it without feeling the degradation and the inconsistency of attempting to argue that a man belongs to himself and not to another (applause). Who can place himself in the position of the poor slave? The farthest stretch of the imagination falls short of a conception of that position, where, from the cradle to the grave, the poor victim is taught that all his labour, all his ability, all his aspirations, all that pertains to his manhood, does not belong to himself, but to another who calls himself his master.

It is for this reason that no eloquence is so effective as the words of a coloured man who speaks in behalf of his own cause. And then there is another advantage which a coloured man has in advocating his own cause. When Mr. Garrison or Mr. Phillips or Mr. Burleigh treads somewhat heavily on the toes of the State, it is pronounced treason; and when they speak the truth in regard to the Church, it is called blasphemy; but who can pronounce it treason or blasphemy when a coloured man tells you that he will trample the Union or the Church under his feet? He is substantially an outlaw of one and an outcast of the other. Can any one even say it was treason when William Wells Brown, this afternoon, said he would like to see the slaves rise in an insurrection, even though they were unsuccessful, so long as they would thereby show their manhood in their love of freedom more than life? Who among you would exchange freedom for a mere animal existence? That human being who no longer feels the love of freedom has forfeited his manhood.

I wonder not that a coloured man should say that he envied the man who could speak on this subject in measured terms, in chosen words and in rounded periods. Mr. Purvis said he could not do it, and I felt that he could not. No man who can place himself in the slightest degree in the position of the coloured man can speak on this subject except from the heart. Not even the slaveholder himself can blame that man; on the contrary, if he has never before respected him, he must respect him now. I glory in it when I see a coloured man or coloured woman stand up here and speak as if their words came from their inmost souls.

Much has been said, in the discussion yesterday and to-day, not only about treason, but about blasphemy. We have democracy and republicanism, so-called, in this country, but what does it amount to? My friends, I am a Democrat in principle (applause). I ask pardon—I forgot that woman is disfranchised as well as the slave (applause). Still, I am a Democrat in principle, but I spurn from me the democracy of this country; it is a counterfeit. Democracy is based upon human rights and human freedom, and where slavery exists freedom does not exist. Causes have been assigned for the defeat of Mr. Fremont at the last election. One was not mentioned here, and that is, the trickery, intrigue, falsehood and chicanery which were used to deceive the people. There are hundreds of thousands of foreigners, who love the name of democracy in its true, legitimate sense, who were told that Mr. Buchanan was a Democrat. Mr. Buchanan might with just as much propriety call himself an anti-slavery man—a Garrisonian anti-slavery man (applause). It is true that many of those who were deceived had since had their eyes opened, but it was too late so far as that election was concerned.

I will not speak long, for there are more to come after me. I only desire to speak just long enough to give my testimony in favour of freedom and to raise my voice in behalf of the down-trodden. I will, therefore, leave the political question and come to a more vital one.

We have heard to-day about the dissolution of the Union. I say there is no union—there is nothing to dissolve (applause and a few hisses). What is the definition of a union? A compact between parties upon a well-understood principle of mutual protection and benefit. Does that union exist here? Try it; cross Mason and Dixon's line and utter a single word in favour of freedom, and then come home and tell me where the Union exists (applause). The Union—its dissolution was signed, sealed and delivered in the Senate Chamber on the head of Charles Sumner (applause). It reminds me of the union described by Blackstone existing between husband and wife; "husband and wife," says he, "are one." An able commentator, George Walker, replied to it and said, "Yes, husband and wife are one, and that is the husband" (laughter). The South and the North are one, but that one is the South (great laughter). The fine-spun thread that united the two was snapped asunder by the breaking of the Compromise; a future Union shall arise out of the ashes of the one that has been destroyed.

But I will leave that subject and advert for a moment to one of the resolutions passed to-day by the Society. In speaking of the 40,000 Churches as treacherous to truth and treasonable to humanity, it says they are as bad as infidels. Now, if the term infidel is intended to be understood in its true meaning, then the resolution is right. The term infidel means untrue, unfaithful; one that acts contrary to his profession. In that sense I have no objection to the word as used in the resolution. Those who go to church three times a day and who profess to believe in a Creator who is the Father of us all, and yet keep their fellow-beings, their brothers and their sisters, in bondage, are, in the true sense of the word, infidels (applause).

Mr. MAY called the attention of the speaker to the language of the resolution; it was not that they were as bad as infidels, but that they were the *actual* infidels of the country.

Mrs. ROSE—True; but the resolution does not explain what is meant by infidel, and that is just what I want to do. You know, as well as I know, that, from time immemorial, every reform, every step in human progress has been initiated by those who have been termed infidels (applause). Now, the common idea that the world entertains in regard to an infidel is, one who differs in opinion from the generally received belief on speculative subjects. Any one, for instance, who does not believe that Samson ran away with the gates of Gaza, or that a whale swallowed Jonah, is an infidel. Well, I do not hesitate to plead guilty to a disbelief in such things, and I have the honour of being called an infidel; but I don't want to be compared to these 40,000 Churches. On the other hand, the name "infidel" is synonymous with human progress based upon human rights. In such infidelity I glory, and I will defend the name from the insult of confounding it with the principles of these 40,000 Churches (applause).

SPEECH OF WENDELL PHILLIPS.

Mr. CHAIRMAN: I would be very happy to address this audience if I had the voice to do so; my tones will be apology enough for not doing it; it would be as painful for you to listen as for me to speak—perhaps far more so. I therefore only fulfil the advertisement of the morning by coming before you the living evidence of the truth of this apology. I rejoice to think that we do not need so many words and that events are preaching for us as loudly as lips, and more so. I believe that a single act is better than a hundred speeches, and I think that anything in the course of conduct that leads by probability to a collision betwixt Northern and Southern action hastens the anti-slavery triumph by years. To-day I recognise in the action of the Tract Society the opening of a course of conduct likely to bring the South into collision with Northern religious sentiment. The Tract Society, you know, appointed a committee to whitewash that Society. They spent a year in the endeavour to do it, did their best, have not succeeded, and in their report, printed to-day, they confess, by implication, all the charges made against that Society, and direct the Publishing Committee in future to place slavery on the catalogue of war, intemperance, Catholicism and other moral evils (applause). That is a great triumph. They only peep and mutter, they speak very equivocal words, it is only the flash of twilight. You know the man that tried to extract sunbeams from cucumbers was thought insane; *we* have done it (laughter and applause); we have got a sunbeam out of the Tract Society; we have got the first twilight confession of duty. Suppose they give to their colporters any sort of a tract—for instance, the sermon of C. C. Jones, of Georgia, the report of the Synod of Kentucky, or that twenty year old testimony of Dr. Breckenridge—suppose their colporters distribute it through the Carolinas; why, the volcano will have an eruption and the point of attack will be the Tract Society. Thank God for the day. I believe that even Northern cowardice can be kicked into courage (laughter). I believe that the religion of the Tract Society can be kicked up to the level of my friend Mrs. Rose's infidelity (applause).

By the way, in regard to that let me say, my Christianity is tested by fruits. He is a wise man that knows what he believes. I am not certain that my friend Mrs. Rose, with all due deference let me say it, knows what she believes, but, by the evidence of fruits, she is an exceeding good Christian, according to my standard (applause). God grant a wonderful increase of just such infidels in these sixteen States (applause).

Our friend Remond inquired, yesterday, what could be meaner than a Northern doughface. I will tell him. If rumour is to be trusted, Dr. Ross has been a slave, has coloured blood in his veins, was emancipated, inherited his master's fortune, and now he is the apologist, in the vilest of language and the most infidel of spirits, of the slave system. He is meaner than the doughface, for a renegade is the meanest of all (applause). And they have sent him to the next New School General Assembly. I hope the West, where it meets, will spew him back into Alabama (applause).

I have a word to say to New York. I want your old State to lead the van, three millions strong, in the collision with the Slave Power. You have not been factious enough—not half. You have not had your Senator assassinated; you have not behaved badly enough. Massachusetts leads the van. Alfieri, the Italian poet, said of his countrymen, "If we are slaves, we're rebellious slaves at least." I boast the same of Massachusetts. I saw a friend to-day just returned from Carolina; he said they didn't talk of the North down there; they spoke of the South and Massachusetts (laughter and applause). When George the Third got angriest, he named John Hancock and Sam Adams (laughter). The blood has not run out; when Charleston gets maddest, she does not say the North; she says Massachusetts (applause). We have wiped the Northern plume and put it in our crest; we are the worst behaved of the Northern States—thank God for that (applause). I want you to earn, with your wider surface and larger numbers, even a stronger place than Massachusetts. I want you to say in the face of the nation, the Empire State knows no slave law; no hunter shall ever tread her soil; if the Federal Government undertakes to send its marshal here to take a man on its soil, we will strip him naked and fling him into the sea (loud applause). Do men say that is treason? Treason to what? Treason to the Constitution? Where is it? Go search for it beneath the burning ashes of Lawrence; go make yourself blind seeking for it amid the midnight darkness of the Dred Scott decision. The Constitution is blotted out in the blood of Charles Sumner (applause). I know no Constitution; success to the strongest arm; might makes right to-day.

I want a collision. The little State of Wisconsin, how nobly she is fighting the battle! The United States officers put Booth in jail; she took him out. They took his process; she took it back again. Seward, Wilson, Giddings, Sumner rolled into one don't make one Chief-Justice Smith, who defied the United States Court to the utmost (applause). Mohammedans say that one hour of justice is worth seventy years of prayer. One act is worth a century of eloquence. When Judge Smith flung himself in the face of the United States writ and declared that it should not run in Wisconsin, he commenced the beginning of the end. But it is a small State in the gristle, not yet hardened with the bone of manhood. We want the same thing done in New York or Massachusetts. We want a collision; I don't care how it comes; I want the Federal Government divided; I want State sovereignty assumed. Massachusetts is resolving to grant passports to coloured men. It is the first assertion of State sovereignty. I want a public opinion, a party—I don't care what its name is—that shall inaugurate a policy of the States that will be up to the times and defy the slave law, no matter where it carries them. We are no longer to be hoodwinked by the mere mystery of the Constitution. The South does all she can, all she must; she never has done anything that was unnecessary, she never has asked anything that was not necessary to her safety. She has never done anything that policy did not dictate, she never will, and she is pledged to every act by the necessity of her position.

I will not detain you longer (cries of "Go on, go on"); I have not the strength to detain you longer. I hope I shall yet come to New York city at at a time when this doctrine of State sovereignty is in full bloom (applause); when the States will remember their function in the protection of liberty; when not two single ideas, not two individuals, but two organizations, States, will be trustees and champions of the great principle of liberty. Not that I distrust the power of ideas, not that to those men and women into whose faces I look this hour I would send any despondency of the slightest word, uttered in the smallest circle, by the feeblest voice. O, no; I believe in the power of ideas, and I have twenty years' experience behind me of faith in words.

I was told a story to-day, a temperance story, which will illustrate just as well this point. A mother, on the green hills of Vermont, stood at her garden gate, holding by her right hand a son of sixteen years, mad with love of the sea. "Edward," said she, "they tell me that the great temptation of the seaman's life is drink; promise me, before you quit your mother's hand, that you never will drink." Said he—for he told me the story—"I gave her the promise; I went the broad globe over—Calcutta, the Mediterranean, San Francisco, the Cape of Good Hope, and for forty years, whenever I saw a glass filled with sparkling liquor, my mother's form by the garden gate on the hill-side of Vermont rose up before me, and to-day, at sixty, my lips are innocent of the taste of liquor" (applause). Was not that sweet evidence of the power of a single word? And yet it was but half; for, said he, "Yesterday there came into my counting-room a young man of forty, and asked me, 'Do you know me?' No, said I." "I was brought once," said he to my informant, "drunk into your presence on ship-board; you were a passenger; the captain kicked me aside; you took me into your berth, kept me there till I had slept off the intoxication, and then you asked me if I had a mother. I said, never that I knew of; I never had heard a mother's voice. You told me of yours at the garden gate, and to-day, twenty years later, I am master of one of the finest packets in New York, and I came to ask you to come and see me" (applause).

How far back that little candle throws its beam—that mother's word on the green hill-side of Vermont. God be thanked for the almighty power of a single word (a voice, "Amen"). Still, notwithstanding the potency of that, in this epoch of the world of ours we want to stereotype Pauls into statutes; we want the power, whenever we can get it, of organization to meet the shock of organization. I would have anti-slavery take Massachusetts and put her, like a block, beneath the wheels of the Union, and checkmate it—or, better still, call home William H. Seward from the hopeless minority of the Senate, give him the Empire State for a thunderbolt, and, my word for it, he will annihilate the Carolinas (great applause).

SPEECH OF MISS WATKINS.

Could we trace the record of every human heart, the aspirations of every immortal soul, perhaps we would find no man so imbruted and degraded that we could not trace the word liberty either written in living characters upon the soul or hidden away in some nook or corner of the heart. The law of liberty is the law of God, and is antecedant to all human legislation. It existed in the mind of Deity when He hung the first world upon its orbit and gave it liberty to gather light from the central sun.

Some people say, set the slaves free. Did you ever think, if the slaves were free, they would steal everything they could lay their hands on from now till the day of their death—that they would steal more than two thousand millions of dollars (applause)? Ask Maryland, with her tens of thousands of slaves, if she is not prepared for freedom, and hear her answer: "I help supply the coffle-gangs of the South." Ask Virginia, with her hundreds of thousands of slaves, if she is not weary with her merchandise of blood and anxious to shake the gory traffic from her hands, and hear her reply: "Though fertility has covered my soil, though a genial sky bends over my hills and vales, though I hold in my hand a wealth of water-power enough to turn the spindles to clothe the world, yet, with all these advantages, one of my chief staples has been the sons and daughters I send to the human market and human shambles" (applause). Ask the farther South, and all the cotton-growing States chime in, "We have need of fresh supplies to fill the ranks of those whose lives have gone out in unrequited toil on our distant plantations."

A hundred thousand new-born babes are annually added to the victims of slavery; twenty thousand lives are annually sacrificed on the plantations of the South. Such a sight should send a thrill of horror through the nerves of civilization and impel the heart of humanity to lofty deeds. So it might, if men had not found out a fearful alchemy by which this blood can be transformed into gold. Instead of listening to the cry of agony, they listen to the ring of dollars and stoop down to pick up the coin (applause).

But a few months since a man escaped from bondage and found a temporary shelter almost beneath the shadow of Bunker Hill. Had that man stood upon the deck of an Austrian ship, beneath the shadow of the house of the Hapsburgs, he would have found protection. Had he been wrecked upon an island or colony of Great Britain, the waves of the tempest-lashed ocean would have washed him deliverance. Had he landed upon the territory of vine-encircled France and a Frenchman had reduced him to a thing and brought him here beneath the protection of our institutions and our laws, for such a nefarious deed that Frenchman would have lost his citizenship in France. Beneath the feebler light which glimmers from the Koran, the Bey of Tunis would have granted him freedom in his own dominions. Beside the ancient pyramids of Egypt he would have found liberty, for the soil laved by the glorious Nile is now consecrated to freedom. But from Boston harbour, made memorable by the infusion of three-penny taxed tea, Boston in its proximity to the plains of Lexington and Concord, Boston almost beneath the shadow of Bunker Hill and almost in sight of Plymouth Rock, he is thrust back from liberty and manhood and reconverted into a chattel. You have heard that, down South, they keep bloodhounds to hunt slaves. Ye bloodhounds, go back to your kennels; when you fail to catch the flying fugitive, when his stealthy tread is heard in the place where the bones of the revolutionary sires repose, the ready North is base enough to do your shameful service (applause).

Slavery is mean, because it tramples on the feeble and weak. A man comes with his affidavits from the South and hurries me before a commissioner; upon that evidence *ex parte* and alone he hitches me to the car of slavery and trails my womanhood in the dust. I stand at the threshold of the Supreme Court and ask for justice, simple justice. Upon my tortured heart is thrown the mocking words, "You are a negro; you have no rights which white men are bound to respect" (loud and long-continued applause)! Had it been my lot to have lived beneath the Crescent instead of the Cross, had injustice and violence been heaped upon my head as a Mohammedan woman, as a member of a common faith, I might have demanded justice and been listened to by the Pasha, the Bey or the Vizier; but when I come here to ask for justice, men tell me, "We have no higher law than the Constitution" (applause).

But I will not dwell on the dark side of the picture. God is on the side of freedom; and any cause that has God on its side, I care not how much it may be trampled upon, how much it may be trailed in the dust, is sure to triumph. The message of Jesus Christ is on the side of freedom, "I come to preach deliverance to the captives, the opening of the prison doors to them that are bound." The truest and noblest hearts in the land are on the side of freedom. They may be hissed at by slavery's minion's, their names cast out as evil, their characters branded with fanaticism, but O,

"To side with Truth is noble when we share her humble crust
Ere the cause bring fame and profit and it's prosperous to be just."

May I not, in conclusion, ask every honest, noble heart, every seeker after truth and justice, if they will not also be on the side of freedom. Will you not resolve that you will abate neither heart nor hope till you hear the death-knell of human bondage sounded, and over the black ocean of slavery shall be heard a song, more exulting than the song of Miriam when it floated o'er Egypt's dark sea, the requiem of Egypt's ruined hosts and the anthem of the deliverance of Israel's captive people (great applause)?

[We have not attempted to give a full report of Miss Watkins's speech.]

SPEECH OF MR. GARRISON.

I assure this audience that I am quite aware of the hour of the night, and it would be absurd and presumptuous in the last degree for me to undertake to say anything to you on this occasion. I suppose you want me to stand up here simply, like Banquo's ghost, to show that I never will down at the bidding of the Slave Power of America (applause), but that I am here, like Mordecai in the king's gate, waiting till the Haman of the South hangs on the gibbet which he has intended for those who advocate the cause of freedom (applause).

What shall I say to you in a word? This: Fellow-slaves of the Empire State (loud applause)! fellow-slaves of the United States! I come to clank my chains and to demand emancipation, immediate, universal, everlasting emancipation for every man on the American soil, whatever his complexion or whatever his race (applause). Fellow-slaves all! Because we have no liberty in America. The moment a man undertakes to be a freeman, to have a soul within him and to utter the thoughts of freedom, that moment he becomes proscribed and outlawed in America and finds he has no country. You are here to-night by the indulgence, it may be of the Slave Power, and happily because distance from the South enables you to sit here calmly and quietly and listen as you choose. But if, by a miracle, this meeting could be removed this moment into Carolina, Alabama or Georgia, there is not one of you here who would not be deemed worthy to have a coat of tar and feathers. Fellow-slaves all! Because the day has gone by when we may talk about black slaves; the day has gone by when we may say, in our indifference, or selfishness, or self-complacency, "Thank God (or thank the devil, or thank anybody), we are not at all in danger of being enslaved; our homes are sacred, our children safe." That day, I say, has gone by, because the Slave Power has written this down in black and white as its theory: that it is not true that God made the negro race any more especially to be slaves than the white race. The language of the Southern press now is that there is not one single word in the Bible, from beginning to end, with special reference to African or to negro slavery; that it is the will of Almighty God that men who labour, whether Anglo-Saxons or Africans, are to be driven under the lash and to be owned by their superiors.

That is the theory. Now, beyond the theory we have the practice—we have the thing actualized in the blotting out of all complexional distinctions; first by the horrible and filthy process of amalgamation, by forced concubinage, prostitution, adultery and incest, bleaching out the colour of the victim; and in addition to that, by the actual seizure of the pure Anglo-Saxons and turning them into slaves.

I saw, not long since, in one of your daily papers, a statement to this effect: that there are scores of white children in this city who are missing every year and nobody knows what becomes of them. Well, *I* do not know; I do not pretend to say precisely what becomes of them; but this I will say: that upon the face of things the probability seems to be that a large portion of them have been carried to the South and are there melted up into the mass of the slave population. Why should it not be so? The theory is that it is not complexion, and the practice is to take the whitest of the white; and it is well known that the whiter the female slave is, the higher is her price in the market; and when we consider the unparalleled rise in the price of slaves and the inducement for any prowling villain to take your child or mine and carry that child to the South, knowing that there will be no difficulty on the score of complexion in selling that child into bondage, let me ask you why should it not be so? Then, whose household is safe, whose fireside is sacred, and what child is secure against this horrible system?

I rejoice, friends, that we have had such meetings this year in this city. They have been large and highly intelligent, and they have shown a manliness of spirit and a willingness to hear. We ask only to be heard; let those who hear accept or reject, as they think proper. Thank God we have at last got freedom of speech vindicated throughout the North. We have shamed the American Tract Society into decency (applause), and we have put Captain Ryaders on his good behaviour (loud applause). These are signs of the times.

But O, remember this Government! What power in the Government! The Government of this country is in the absolute grasp of the Slave Oligarchy. The President of the United States represents an oligarchy; both Houses of Congress are overwhelmingly on the side of the Slave Oligarchy; the Supreme Court is committed to any extent in favour of the policy of the Slave Oligarchy; the army and navy are in the grasp of the Slave Oligarchy; the treasury of the United States is also entirely at its disposal, and the North is swarming with paid mercenaries who are selling liberty and manhood and justice.

Our work is before us. How touching, how pathetic were the remarks of Miss Watkins, as she stood before you! Did I not feel with you, was not my heart touched with yours? And when I saw tears freely running down from many an eye, I said, this is a gush of pure manhood; it is the deepest of sympathy. But, friends, we must do something more than weep; it must be something more than sentiment; it must not pass off with this hour. Thousands have wept as they read Uncle Tom's Cabin until their eyes were blurred so that they could not see to read any more, and yet it passed off like the summer's cloud. It was sentiment. Sentiment is good, feeling is good, but let it crystalize into principle and go down into the heart, and then let there be a moral determination to enter into this conflict for life and for death until we either go down gloriously into martyr graves or triumph victoriously as champions of freedom (great applause).

The Society then adjourned *sine die.*

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 23, 1857.

☞ NEW ENGLAND ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION.—The Annual New England Anti-Slavery Convention will be held in Boston on WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY, May 27 and 28, at the MELODEON, commencing on Wednesday, at 10 o'clock, a. m.

In a time like the present—with all the safeguards of liberty overthrown, and the rule of a slaveholding oligarchy absolute over the country—with the highest motives and the strongest inducements for personal self-sacrifice and individual action—the true friends of freedom can need no importunity to secure, on their part, a thronged attendance at this anniversary, which has uniformly been distinguished for the interest and spirit of its proceedings, and which, in view of the startling events that have transpired since its last celebration, cannot fail to be marked by an increasing earnestness and devotion.

Among the speakers at this Convention may be expected William Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips, Theodore Parker (should his health be sufficiently restored), Edmund Quincy, Parker Pillsbury, T. W. Higginson, Charles L. Remond, Chas. C. Burleigh, Stephen S. Foster, Abby Kelley Foster, Susan B. Anthony, Andrew T. Foss, Aaron M. Powell, and many others.

In behalf the Board of Managers of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society. FRANCIS JACKSON, President.

ROBERT F. WALLCUT, Rec. Sec.

THE ANNIVERSARY.

THE Twenty-fourth Anniversary of the American Anti-Slavery Society was celebrated, on the Tuesday of last week, with a growing success. We have thought, in former years, that we had reached the culmination of prosperity in the brilliancy of our Annual Meetings; but that which is just past was the best of all that went before it. Other Meetings have done virtuously, but this has surpassed them all. In the first place, the weather was of the finest, and the clouds which have too often lowered upon our house were, this year, "in the deep bosom of the ocean buried." The beautiful City Assembly Rooms, where the Meeting was held, was filled full, with the largest and most brilliant audience we remember to have seen on any previous occasion. The services, from the beginning to the end, were impressive, instructive, and such as befitted the great behalf in which we met. We shall give no recapitulation of the speeches and other exercises, as they will be found fully reported in another part of this paper. The mass of the audience were Abolitionists and persons looking towards Anti-Slavery; but mingled with the mass were many persons who had perhaps never before listened to that gospel, which they certainly then heard preached in all its keenness. A good many droppings from other religious meetings were to be discerned on the edges of the cloud of witnesses, and the world, as usual, furnished its contingent of those who were curious to know what these fellows that were trying to turn the world upside down had to say for themselves. Among these we have reason to believe there were a good many slaveholders.

The Meeting this year will be remembered as the first at which the experiment was tried of holding a series of sessions for public audience. Generally, as will be remembered, we have held our one Anniversary Meeting, in the largest hall, church, theatre or ball-room that we could obtain for our money from the tender mercies of the saints or the sinners (generally from the last), and then we subsided into some upper chamber, where we transacted our necessary business and adjourned without more ado. This year circumstances made it necessary to change our tactics and to present a new front to the world. We, accordingly, adventured a succession of meetings, on the evening of Tuesday and in the morning and afternoon of Wednesday. And the plan certainly worked to admiration. The attendance was very large, even on Wednesday morning, in spite of the detraction of multifold Anniversaries, and great numbers of people listened to the Anti-Slavery word as uttered by its selectest apostles. No kind of disturbance or interruption marred the harmony of the meeting. Differences of opinion of course there were, but they were rather differences of statement than of principle. The extremest doctrines of the most extreme Anti-Slavery, as the world esteems the plainest deductions of logic from the first principles of morality, were preached in the ears of crowded New York audiences and no man gainsaid or resented them. To be sure, the audiences were largely made up of persons from distant parts of the country, but there must have been many of the residents of the city among them. It was, at any rate, a collection of people, from all parts of the country, such as concentres always at the Commercial Metropolis, and such as we should have chosen could we have had our choice of hearers.

The City Anti-Slavery Society held its Anniversary on the evening of Wednesday, and gathered again an audience of the largest number and of the most respectable description. The Anti-Slavery services of the week were thus fitly rounded and went off with the most triumphant success. The expense of this year's Meeting was necessarily much greater than that of former ones conducted on the old plan. But, on the other hand, the amount collected towards defraying it was also materially increased. We cannot say whether or not the Executive Committee will deem it best to repeat the experiment—if, after its signal success, it be proper so to describe this attempt—but we think no one who was present throughout can doubt the possibility of getting together a large audience in this City to hearken to whatever may be spoken in their ears. This is certainly a most encouraging state of things. For many years we have never supposed it practicable to assemble more than one large company to listen to Anti-Slavery speeches and discussions, and that with the help of all of our own forces that we could drum together. Now we find that interest enough has been aroused in the subject to command crowds of eager auditors, ready to drink in every word that falls, and this not for once only, but for successive sessions. And it makes no difference whether the bulk of these listeners are of the resident or the transient portion of the people in the city. It is equally a proof of progress whichever way facts may settle that question.

The attendance of Abolitionists, of the straighter sort, from all parts of the country, was encouragingly large, and the social intercourse of such with each other is one of the chief incidental advantages of meetings like these. They bring together those who are of one mind as to this matter, and lead to a comparison of experiences and counsels as to the best methods of carrying forward the cause, which cannot fail to be of blessed efficiency. The faces of Anti-Slavery friends were sharpened, as iron sharpeneth iron, by being brought together here, and they were set the more steadfastly and like flints against Slavery. The necessities of the Cause everywhere are thus made better known to all, and the means of supplying them can be more intelligently considered and provided for. And it is a just and reasonable pleasure and reward for those who have been labouring together, yet widely separated, to meet at least once in every year to look each other in the face and take one another by the hand and commune together on the things that pertain to what they have most at heart. All such go up from such communion justified, and strengthened, and better prepared for the struggle that lies before them in the months to come. It is therefore that we always invite and urge the members and friends of the American Society, those who count it the only authentic form of earnest and wise antagonism to Slavery, not to neglect the assembling of themselves together. The issues of such gatherings extend far beyond the walls that contain and the hours that limit them. They reach into the distance of future time and distant space, and may affect the employment of many hours of the one and the destiny of vast regions of the other. The little fire which is struck out by the collision of minds and hearts at such times may kindle a great matter of moral conflagration, one which will finally consume the abomination of Slavery from off the earth.

LETTER FROM J. C. UNDERWOOD.

ASTOR HOUSE, May 12, 1857.

To the Editors of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

Two weeks ago I was called upon by the Rev. Mr. Lorriaux, a Protestant minister of France, in company with Mr. William R. Lawrence, of Boston, seeking homes for the freedom-loving Waldenses of the High Alps in the south-east of France, who prefer a milder climate than that of our north-western Territories. I gave them such information as I could of the soil, climate and social condition of Virginia, and the protection they might expect from the American Emigrant Aid and Homestead Company. This afternoon Mr. Lorriaux has called again and seems delighted with his success in securing 3,000 acres of good land, for a congregation of some 500, in Monongahela County, Va., within eight miles of Morgantown, the county seat, on the Monongahela river, and within twenty miles of the Pennsylvania line, at the moderate price of seventy-five cents per acre. He thinks the report he will bear to the French Protestants will induce many thousands to leave a country where their rights are but poorly protected, and where, from the crowded state of the population, land brings from $300 to $500 per acre. Welcome to these countrymen of Lafayette, professing the faith of the Huguenots, of the Jays of New York and the Marions of South Carolina. J. C. UNDERWOOD,

Secretary of American Emigrant Aid and Homestead Company.

DIED.

FUSSELL.—At Fall Creek, Indiana, on the 9th inst., Jane Fussell, of Chester Co., Pa., in the 75th year of her age.

Special Notices.

☞ The Annual Meeting of the Clarkson Anti-Slavery Association will be held at Bart—Friends' meeting-house—on Seventh day, the 23d inst., at one o'clock, p. m.

ELIZABETH COATES, Rec. Sec'y.

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TWENTY-THIRD ANNUAL REPORT OF THE AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY, presented at the last annual meeting, for sale at the office, 138 Nassau street, price 25 cents.

(CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.)

What is there about American slavery that the American people should so cherish and protect it? Why, it has turned a vast portion of noble inheritance into a waste, howling wilderness; it has robbed three millions of men of their just and inalienable rights; it has degraded the poor white people of the South to the level of the slaves themselves; it has spread moral, intellectual and spiritual darkness over that vast domain that it claims as its own, a darkness that is growing every day deeper and thicker, and that begins to obscure the light even of our Northern heavens; it has corrupted the Christian Church; it has filled the pulpits of the North as well as the South with dumb dogs that cannot bark (applause); it has transformed the Church of Christ, in many instances, into the Synagogue of Satan; it has made it a vast engine for the protection and extension of the kingdom of darkness; it has laid its ruthless and polluting grasp upon everything. How is it with the journals of our day, religious and secular? Those that dare to speak out boldly and manfully, that dare to advocate its total, its eternal overthrow, are few and far between. And as to our politicians, it has disgraced and dishonoured them to a man; it has shorn their locks, put out their eyes, and left them to grind in its dark prison-house. All honour to the noble men that, in every department of our Government, have attempted to stem the tide and roll back the encroachments of the Slave Power; but yet what disinterested person has not witnessed with pain the immense moral disadvantage at which they maintain the unequal strife? The fact is, there is a higher law than the Constitution of the United States, but the man that has sworn the oath to that Constitution, and who holds his seat in the national councils by virtue of it, does not dare to plead the requirements of the higher law. If he has taken that solemn oath, he is bound to adhere to it. For him there is no higher law that can come in contact with its requirements; if it does, there is but one alternative left for him: he must either disobey conscience and obey the Constitution, or he must obey conscience and the higher law and resign his seat in the Government (applause).

The fact is, Mr. Chairman, all this government of ours is slavery's domain, and at its entrance stands the Constitution, guarding it, like another Cerberus, and no man can enter there until he throws a cake to it in the shape of a solemn oath, which forever and completely neutralizes and paralyzes his efforts. And, sir, if ever our Representatives and Senators shall grasp the pillars of American slavery, they will bring down the whole frame-work of the government in ruin about their heads (applause). The truth is, slavery is the great central power; it is at once the directing and the radiating centre of the entire government. We were once accustomed to talk about slavery as a spot upon our national escutcheon. That day has long since passed. Its foul stain is upon every fold of the star-spangled banner. Slavery has sunk its roots deeply into American soil, shot its top to heaven and extended its boughs from ocean to ocean, and the tree of Liberty droops, and withers and dies under its poisonous shade. We have been accustomed to talk of it as an excrescence on the body politic of this nation; but it has become a great national disease; its influence is in every part of the system, tainting all the blood, preying upon the vitals and threatening our national existence. Slavery may have been once a little cloud like a man's hand, away on our political horizon, but it has grown and increased until it covers the entire heavens with the blackness of its darkness, and from that darkness roll the thunders of revolution and gleam the lightnings of civil discord, and there now remains no remedy but one, and that remedy is bold, determined, united effort to eradicate the system from American soil.

Men talk about stopping and keeping back the encroachments of slavery. That is worse than folly; it is madness. Politicians have talked about this for years; but while they have been talking, slavery has been working; and what has it accomplished? It has made the whole North its hunting-ground; the baying of its bloodhounds has been heard amid the granite hills of New England; the gates of our vast national domain have been thrown wide open to its admission, and the last step has now been taken in the utter demoralization of the nation by the late infamous decision of the Supreme Court (loud applause). Now, sir, is it not plain to every one who has eyes to see that the only remedy lies in the principles of the American Anti-Slavery Society, and that our only hope is in men who will walk right over everything in the way directly to the slave—men who will trample upon the Union, and the Constitution, and Church organizations, and political parties and all, till they reach the captive (loud applause)? The fact is, the war must be carried to the heart of the enemy's camp; it must be carried to the very seat of its dread empire, to the very throne of the grim and ghastly tyrant; and this can only be done by men who are willing to sacrifice everything but their honour and their religion in its accomplishment. We have no right to hope anything, in this respect, of the politicians. They may confront the monster, but they cannot step over the line that slavery has chalked out; their feet are entangled in the net of the Constitution. They may confront the monster, but they cannot deal him a blow in the face, for both hands are tied by the oath to the Constitution.

There is just as little hope in the great mass of the Churches. That which is a political crime cannot be a religious virtue. The devil in the State is not likely to be an angel of light in the Church (applause); and with what sort of consistency can men denounce the system of American slavery when they hold ecclesiastical fellowship with those who defend and who preach this enormous sin? The fact is, the hand of God is fairly written, as in letters of light, on the very brow of the firmament, Come out of her and partake not of the unclean thing (applause). I do not wish, Mr. Chairman, to bring a railing accusation against the Churches, nor do I wish, much less, to bring a railing accusation against the Church. I believe, under God, that in the Church is the salvation of the world, and I was glad to hear the admission made to-day, which I am also ready to make, that in the pale of those Churches that we term slaveholding, because they permit the evil, there are some great and good men. We only regret they are not greater and better, and that they do not see the love of truth and of duty here as they see it in other respects.

Now, sir, we say the only remedy lies in entire separation, and, as a member and as a minister of the Church, and as an Abolitionist, too—not exactly a Garrisonian Abolitionist, though I have no objection to that name, but as a Reformed Presbyterian Abolitionist—I believe the only species and genus extant—as such, I say that the [illegible] of those Churches is inconsistent with their [illegible] and I say to those anti-slavery men in their [illegible] the time is come that they should utter a loud and a solemn protest, and, if that protest be not heeded, that they should back it up by entire separation from them.

But, then, we are told this is disorganizing. Men ask us what will become of those Churches if we separate from them? I will tell you what will become of them; just what became of the Church of Israel when it crucified the Saviour and persecuted his followers; just what will become of Rome when the command shall be obeyed, "Come out of her, my people, that ye be not partakers of her sins and receive not the plagues." What will become of those organizations? Who cares what becomes of them? *I* do not, and I am sure God does not (great applause). Those Church organizations may go down like a great millstone into the sea, but *the Church* will still live, for the Lord God, in the midst of her, is mighty. She will outride every storm, let come what may of those separate organizations.

In the same way we are asked what will become of the Government if we refuse to vote and hold office under it? I will tell you what will become of it; it will fall, like an old decayed and tottering building when the props are taken away, and the result will be that we shall have a better government, a freer government, a more scriptural government than this. A worse we could not well have (applause).

We sometimes used to talk of this country as the hope of the world, and I hope there is still a sense in which that is true; but, after all, as applied to the present organization of this Government, the language is only the bitterest of irony. The hope of the world! I do not believe to-night there is a republican or a friend of liberty on earth that is turning his life-weary eyes to this republic, under its present organization, as the star of hope in the western horizon—not one. And this, perhaps, is well; it is well, Mr. Chairman, for the world to learn that its hope is not in man, not in governments, not in unions of States, not in alliances of nations, holy or unholy, but in God, in His eternal truth and justice, in His everlasting word, and in the redemption purchased by His Son (applause).

The fact is, with regard to our Government and with regard to the Union and the Constitution, the political parties and all, they are corrupt and rotten at the heart. They have been weighed in the scales of eternal justice and found wanting.

We have heard, to-day, the bold avowal, on this platform, of the doctrine of the dissolution of the Union. There is not the same terror in that sound that there was once. The Northern mind is becoming accustomed to it—and the sooner the better, for they will have to come to it at last (a few hisses, followed by applause). The Union, if we don't dissolve it, it will dissolve itself. It is part of iron and part of miry clay, and you can't put bands of iron or of brass around it strong enough to keep it together. Every attribute of God is arrayed against it; the wheels of His providence are rolling onward in full majesty and will grind it to powder, and it will be carried away like the chaff of the summer threshing-floor. The hand writing is upon the wall, and they alone are the true friends of the country who deal faithfully with the conscience of the nation, and tell it to break off its sins by righteousness, to break every yoke and undo the heavy burdens, and to let the oppressed go free (applause) Here alone is the hope and the salvation of the country.

As friends, then, and not as enemies of our own native land, as those who love it and take pride in all that is great and glorious in it, we say to this nation, Hear the voice of God himself; if you will not hear the voice of man, hear the voice of the Eternal God; hear it as it comes from a thousand lands, all waste and desolate and barren because of the sins of those who dwell therein; hear it as it comes from a thousand cities, once powerful, populous and prosperous, but which have been left waste without an inhabitant, trodden into the dust by the footsteps of an avenging God, because in their markets was merchandise of silver, and because in their fairs were those who traded in the bodies and souls of men; hear it as it comes from the high, imperial throne of the Universe: "The kingdom and people that will not serve me shall perish; yea, those nations shall be utterly wasted." "The wicked shall be turned into hell and all the nations that forget God."

As a minister and a member of the Church of Christ, as one who has unshaken and unbounded faith in her power, in her mission, in her divinity and in her destiny, I say to the ecclesiastical organizations that still tolerate this abominable evil—I declare to them here the threatenings of God himself—"If ye will walk contrary to me and will not hearken unto me, I will also walk contrary unto you in fury, and I will punish you seven times for your sins, and I will make your sanctuaries a desolation." Hear the voice of God as He denounces the doom of those who will not act with regard to sins like these: "Curse ye, Meroz, curse ye bitterly the inhabitants thereof, because they came not up to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty." Look at this giant system of oppression and wrong, and beware of the doom of the Church of Laodicea: "I would that thou wert either cold or hot; so, then, because thou art (like Rome) neither cold nor hot, I will spew thee out of my mouth."

As a friend to this noble anti-slavery enterprise, as a friend to the noble, heroic spirits that have carried it forward amidst persecution and opposition as cruel as it is unjust, as one who rejoices in its present success and its future prospects, but yet as a Christian, as one who holds in utter abhorrence every theory of man's origin and of man's elevation and of man's destiny that is not in accordance with the word of God, I say to them: Plant yourselves upon the everlasting rock of God's immutable truth; direct against this great evil the artillery of Heaven; use only weapons that are of heavenly mould; and victory is certain. Have no faith in yourselves; have none in man; have unbounded faith in God, and in God's justice, and in God's word; and then may we all live to see the day when slavery shall fall like lightning from heaven, and liberty be proclaimed throughout this broad and glorious land to all the inhabitants thereof (great applause).

Mr. Garrison—You have just listened to most impressive and uncompromising testimony against slavery in our land on the part of a faithful Abdiel of the pulpit in this city; I now have the pleasure of introducing to you another one, from the City of Philadelphia, the Rev. Dr. Furness.

SPEECH OF DR. FURNESS.

I used to think, some years ago, that one of the simplest and plainest things in the world is the Golden Rule—the simple dictate of natural justice—the precept of love and of equal rights. I supposed—and I suspect it was the general impression of the clergy then, and perhaps it is their impression now—that such truths were so self-evident and plain that everybody, every child understood them. But the anti-slavery movement has opened our eyes and taught us differently, and we find now that even such a simple thing as the parable of the Good Samaritan, as it was a profound mystery in the days of Christ, is a profound mystery still; that this nation has not yet dreamed of the depth of its meaning or of the breadth of its application. It is in this respect that the anti-slavery movement has been of infinite service. It has revealed to us our ignorance of first, simple and indisputable principles—an ignorance not only of the ignorant, but of the wise, even of the great champions of liberty and humanity, such, for instance, as Father Matthew and Kossuth, whom we knew of abroad as the friends of the human race; but when they came hither, Father Matthew—I say it with sorrow—shrunk from his once high profession, and Kossuth was found to be the advocate not of humanity, but of Hungary, and was willing to sacrifice humanity for the sake of Hungary; so that, when the principle of the anti-slavery movement was applied to those heroes, their great fame instantly collapsed, like a balloon rent and slit by the lightning of God (applause). It is the unspeakable blessedness of this cause—the cause of the slave, the cause of the immediate abolition of slavery—that it reveals to all who appreciate it and are faithful to it the glory and the beauty and the infinite force of truth. It brings them into intimate communication with those simple principles of justice and mercy which are the attributes of the Highest, which are the foundation of the world's vitality, the springs of the mightiest power and of the profoundest satisfaction that the heart of man can know. So nigh so inexhaustible, so bountiful in blessing is the truth that they who serve it long and faithfully always consider themselves as the gainers and the conquerors, although they are hazarding everything in its service, and although they may be surrounded on all sides by the tokens of defeat. They do not have to serve the cause of truth long before they discern that there is no such thing as getting the advantage of her. We can never put the truth under obligation to us, for we cannot do a millionth part so much for her as she does for those who serve her (applause); so that if we should give up our blood to the last drop and exert an influence so mighty as to change the history of the world for the better for centuries, still we should be under obligation to her, and infinitely rewarded in being brought through all our experience to the simple knowledge of the blessedness of being in the right, that sentiment which is the highest that the mind of man can entertain, which is a river of life and of power in the heart, the presence of God in the soul of man.

I say these things, friends, from a very humble and limited experience of the truth. In fear and in great trembling I have to touch the hem of her garment, and yet I have felt the divine thrill to my inmost soul. I know that these our friends are engaged in no political scheme, in advancing no political measure, and at the same time that they are engaged not merely in the work of emancipating four millions of the children of Africa, but they are seeking to liberate six times as many white people from chains which are eating into their very souls (applause).

Having this appreciation of the anti-slavery cause as it is advocated on this platform, how miserably poor and weak seem all the arguments, pleas and protestations by which attempts are made to silence and put at rest the abolition movement; as, for instance, the talk that we so continually hear about gradual emancipation—as absurd as if a judge were to say to a thief, brought up before him and proved to be addicted to thieving, that it was not safe for him or the community that he should cease from the habit altogether, but, having been accustomed to take a purse every day, he should omit a day or two, and so break off thieving gradually (laughter and applause). It is precisely so on the subject of abolition.

It appears to me that if we were to pray with our mind and heart for a revelation from Heaven to guide and instruct us, we could have nothing more explicit or more to the purpose than we may find in the pages of the New Testament. The Pharisees came to Jesus on a certain occasion and asked him why his disciples did not observe the traditions of the elders (the Constitution and the Union—laughter), and he replied to them, "Why do you make of none effect the command of God by your traditions? for God says, 'Honour thy father and thy mother; and whosoever honoureth not father or mother, let him die the death'; but ye say, 'Whosoever will appropriate to the service of religion or the temple the means by which he might support his aged parents, he shall be relieved from the obligation of supporting them.' Thus," said he, "do you make of none effect the commandment by your traditions." Does not the case present the same features now? The reverence which is felt for the Constitution and the Union is identical, although it has a great deal less reason for it, with the reverence which was felt by the ancient Jews for their temple, and we are told now by our modern Pharisees, political and religious, that if we will consecrate our sympathy and loyalty to the Constitution and the Union, we shall be free from any obligation to help the fugitive slave or to labour for the slave.

Then, again, upon another occasion, we read that the Pharisees watched Jesus to see whether he would perform a work of mercy upon the Sabbath day, considering all such works a profanation of the day and of the synagogue. In forty thousand churches in this land it is considered sacrilege, a violation of the sanctity of the places and of the day, to whisper upon the Lord's day a word in behalf of our wronged and hunted brethren. How does our modern Phariseeism compare with the ancient?

But there is no end to these parallelisms between the New Testament times and our day. We have four millions of our brethren under our feet. We have been heaping upon our own heads the weight of enormous guilt in this manifest violation of the law of God, and at last the Abolitionists are heard crying to us, in the name of God and of man, "Cease to do evil, let the oppressed go free"; and what is our answer? "It is true we hate slavery; it is very wrong; but it would not be safe to let the oppressed go free; it would not be safe to do what God commands." What is this but the old Jesuitical policy of doing evil that good may come?

The great fear, the great apprehension about liberating the slave is that he will not know how to use his freedom. This is a very pitiful objection to come from *our* mouths. How are *we* using our freedom? Could the poor slave, with not half the wit that we profess to have, possibly make a worse use of freedom than we are making (laughter and applause). I challenge any race, in any generation, to abuse the sacred gift of freedom more grossly than we have done and are doing. A state of things now exists, and sends no thrill of horror through the country, in which parents are in the habit of selling their own children! That is one feature of the existing state of things and of our use of freedom. Another feature is that the highest legal sanctuary of the land has deliberately declared that "the coloured man has no rights which the white man is bound to respect." Is it possible that the abolition of slavery and the destruction of the Union and the Constitution could be followed by any enormities so great as these (applause)?

I love to recur to the glorious and cheering promise of the ancient prophet, "Undo the heavy burdens and let the oppressed go free; then shall thy light break forth like the morning, and thy righteousness shall go before thee"—thy vanguard victorious and invincible. In discussing this question of the abolition of slavery, let us not ignore the tremendous power of a righteous act. The Abolitionist desires to see the slave liberated through the free and conscientious action of the slaveholder. We do not rely upon political means or power, which might, indeed, purchase the slave and give him his freedom, and still leave the Slave Power, the root of bitterness, in the heart of the nation, to continue to produce its poisonous fruits. We wish, I say, to see every slave liberated by the free action of the slaveholders; and to this end, all that we ask is a free, fair field for the utterance of the truth and the whole truth; and we ask only that those great principles of truth should be faithfully observed, and that every man who has his thought to speak should be guarded and protected by the public sentiment of the land in speaking it. Let this be done, and we ask for no cannon, no muskets, no swords, no political action, no legal helps, but simply the word of the Lord spoken from honest, fearless lips (applause).

The President introduced, as the next speaker, Chas. Lenox Remond, a citizen of Massachusetts, entitled to hold any office in that State within the gift of the people, also a constitutional citizen of the United States, entitled to sue and be sued in the courts of the United States, the opinion of Judge Taney and his slaveholding associates to the contrary, notwithstanding.

SPEECH OF MR. REMOND.

Mr. Remond spoke in terms of reprobation of the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States. A man, whether judge or juror, who could, in this age and in this country, assert that the coloured man had no rights which the white man was bound to respect was not himself deserving of the respect of the most ignorant barbarian in the Barbary States or the most degraded inhabitant of the jungles of Africa (applause). The speaker stood ready further to declare, in the language of a white man, that, living or dying, sinking or swimming, surviving or perishing, he would trample that decision of Judge Taney under his feet (applause). He would not make this declaration in the name of the American Union, for he hated it, nor in the name of the American Constitution, for he spurned it, but he would do it in the name of his common humanity and manhood, and in the name of the consciousness which he felt that he held his every right by a tenure as high and as holy as did Judge Taney himself (applause). He was not here to appeal to the sympathies of the audience in behalf of those with whom he was identified by complexion; he demanded his rights as a man and a citizen. The coloured man was held accountable to the same laws that governed other men; the coloured man had been found shoulder to shoulder with the white man on every battle-field in this country, both during the revolutionary war and the war of 1812; and this alone should have silenced that servile judge. He lamented exceedingly that his grandfather was among the number who fought at Lexington and Concord in defence of American liberty, since the American people had been so contemptibly mean as to prove themselves ingrates to this sad minority of their countrymen, who had engaged in the revolutionary struggle in a more disinterested spirit than the rest, because they owned no lands, and had no homes to fight for, but perilled their lives simply in defence of a great principle. He wished there were some word in the English language that was more expressive than the word "mean" to apply to such a people.

But the meanness of the white people was only exceeded by their cowardice—a cowardice which could deny to the coloured man at Washington the privilege of touching the reins which guided the horses that conveyed the mail-bags through that city, while it was a fact that Newfoundland dogs were now being trained in the same city to convey those mail-bags from one place to another (laughter and applause); so that a Newfoundland dog might now enjoy a privilege under the American Government that was denied to a coloured man (applause).

The audience were then entertained by a

SPEECH OF WENDELL PHILLIPS.

Mr. Phillips adverted to the facts mentioned by the preceding speaker, and, as another illustration of the power of prejudice on the part of a powerful majority in robbing a minority of their rights, stated the fact that while one of the speakers this morning (Mr. Purvis) was the payer of the second highest tax in his own township in the State of Pennsylvania, yet his own children were not allowed to attend the school to whose support his property yielded such a generous contribution. Such facts showed the exceeding importance of the anti-slavery enterprise, if for nothing else, in educating the American people to that truth—that laws were for the protection of the minority, and that that law or that liberty which did not protect a hated minority was worth nothing. He did not value that law which merely protected the majority, or the rich and powerful. The Astors, Girards and Lawrences needed no protection; they had it in wealth, in popularity, in troops of friends. Fourth of July orators were in the habit of eulogizing the institutions of this country and talking about their beneficence, while seated on these very benches were men who had violated no law of Virginia and yet their presence in that State was impossible. The highest privilege of citizenship was a free tongue; the moment it was forfeited, government became a nuisance. There was not half the freedom of opinion in these thirty-one States that there was beneath Victoria's realm on a hated question. The American people had learned to bow to the tyranny of the majority until there was no liberty left. The question was gravely discussed in the streets whether an infidel had a right to a hall for the discussion of his own opinions. The liberty that protected 40,000 pulpits was nothing; the liberty that protected what those 40,000 pulpits deemed blasphemy was the only liberty worth defending (applause). Toleration! he hated the word; it was the most insolent of all words under such circumstances as ours. If infidelity would tolerate the 40,000 pulpits which the fugitive slave dreaded like baying hounds, he would tolerate all the infidelity in the land (applause). It was enough to make infidelity grow sick with actual nausea at the very name of Christianity. He would tolerate with grateful emotion the infidelity that would tolerate such Christianity, remembering the sublime repentance of Patrick Henry, when he said, at the close of his life, that we owed it to the purity of our religion to show that we did not tolerate slavery.

He challenged any man to show him what benefit the Union had been. Where were its benefits? What had it ever achieved? Commerce? He denied it. England was as successful a commercial country as this. It was energy of brain and hands, and not the strength of parchments, that made both Old and New England successful. The human race, counting on the omnipotence of truth, gravitated towards justice, confident that in the end liberty would triumph.

"Freedom's battle once begun,
Bequeathed by bleeding sire to son,
Though baffled oft, is ever won."

But the question for the Abolitionist was how to bestow his efforts so as to quicken the triumph of ideas. Men were too apt to imagine that ideas, as if by necessity, must triumph at once. There was in the human heart so much of a tendency to present prosperity that organizations of prosperous iniquity would defeat for centuries the progress of ideas. He would warn the Abolitionists against hoping too much for the speedy triumph of right. We were standing not a whit better than our fathers stood in 1789, scarcely one of whom went down to his grave without leaving on record some anti-slavery protest. The whole impetus, the whole enthusiasm of the country were then in favour of liberty, with the prestige of revolutionary success in that direction.

People were fond of saying that public opinion ruled in this country. The same was true of the governments of Europe. The Czar of Russia did not rule by the vigour of his right hand, but by the public opinion of his nobles; and when he undertook to defy that public opinion, the dagger and the bowl of poison were the constitutional checks of that government. Louis Napoleon was held on his unsteady throne by the army, the Jesuits and the capitalists, and he dare not defy the sentiment of either. Some said that 347,000 slaveholders ruled in this country; he would say the masses ruled. They ruled by public opinion based on prejudice against race, which was the strongest link in the chain of the Slave Power.

There were three strands to the cable of the Slave Power. The first was money, $2,000,000,000 invested in human property. The house of Hapsburg dared not go to war until it consulted the Rothschilds. Slavery was the Rothschilds of this country. Unlike all other wealth, the wealth of the Slave Power was homogeneous, concentrated in a few hands, and moved by a single impulse. Power concentrated was doubled. Here was wealth not like land, scattered into millions of hands, settled and secure, but wealth concentrated, held by some two or three hundred thousand, who know that unless they fought with the energy of despair they could never conquer. The slaveholder was a man driven to the wall, and of such the old proverb said beware.

The second strand of the cable was aristocracy—the seven-eighths basis—by which Gov. Aikin was put on a par with a New England town of four or five thousand inhabitants. No aristocracy of Vienna or of Moscow could compare with that.

But the third and strongest strand was prejudice against colour, compared with which wealth and aristocracy were as nothing. It swept into the bosom of the Slave Power the millions of the North. If the Abolitionists could have appealed to the democratic sympathies of the eleven millions of human hearts in the sixteen States, it would have taken more than an incubus of 40,000 pulpits to crowd them down to the hell of American prejudice, and they could have unseated aristocracy and trampled wealth itself under their feet. How inexpressibly mean and despicable was this prejudice against colour!

The historian, sixty years hence, in gleaning the romance and heroism of the present age, would not, he believed, find it under white skin nor blue eyes. He would find it in that touching story of Margaret Garner, which had no parallel this side the ocean—only in ancient history. He would find it in the story of that mother, just sheltered beneath the roof of a coloured man in Indiana, the door hardly closed, when two constables on horseback made their way to the hovel, pushed in the door and stood before them; with the quickness of a mother's love, flinging her infant of six months old into the bosom of a woman she had never seen before, she said, "Take your baby," and turned to surrender herself to the hunter (applause). "No," said he, "that is *your* child." "No child of mine," said the woman, curbing down her heart, and, without one look at the baby, whom the quickness of a mother's instinct had saved, she turned and went back to bondage and left her child free (applause). He would find it in the story of that black man who set himself down by the side of a partition and said to his friend, "mark a line around me; make a box big enough to hold me"; and the trembling mechanic could not guide the pencil that marked the line; and Box Brown placed himself inside, to be carried hundreds of miles away.

How had our humanity fallen off from revolutionary times? The representative scholar of New England had undertaken to go from city to city to tell the virtues of Washington, but had remembered to forget that Washington ever uttered an anti-slavery word. The anti-slavery sentiment that Washington dared to utter Edward Everett dared not repeat. God bless the Colonies that made a Washington! God curse the Union that manufactured an Everett (applause)!

Why had our people so fallen? While Washington hovered with benignant wing over the parchment-launched Union, while Patrick Henry yet guarded Virginia, while John Jay, with angel influence, planted the seed of liberty in your Empire State, while Hancock yet lived and Adams yet spoke, the devil hovered over Charleston with half a dozen seeds of cotton in his hand and planted them, and, lo! the scale of ideas kicked the beam (laughter). It grew and multiplied till the crop was worth sixty, seventy, a hundred millions, and sufficed to buy up great men and good men a great deal faster than nature could make them (laughter and applause). There was the history of the Union in one word. It was launched with the statute of 1787 for its motto—"All the territory that belonged to the Union free." One generation marched over the stage, thirty years elapsed, and then came the Missouri Compromise. A great struggle ensued, almost rending the Union, and the result was, one-half the territory slave, the other half free. Another thirty years rolled on and the struggle was renewed, and now the result was, all the territory open to slavery. Such was the history of the past sixty years; how could anybody know that the history of the next sixty years would be any different? The old proverb was, "I gave the mouse a nest and she has become my heir"; we gave slavery a resting-place, and she has become king. "The man that hits himself twice against the same stone is a fool"; we were launching on another epoch; should we repeat the same policy? Should we preach, Obey the laws, submit to the government and trust to ideas? We had fastened a dead carcass to the living body, and the living body was half dead by the contact; how long would you go on and try the experiment?

We ought to have piled up an indignation, a wealth, a pulpit, an education, a strength of moral sentiment, a prejudice against slavery so strong that to-day we could let it loose in an avalanche and bury the system of slavery from the sight of men in all time to come. We ought to hate slavery as the Protestant hates the Catholic. That hatred never was reasoned up and it would never be reasoned down; it was in the blood, and he could not get rid of it. Whence came it? It came from the two hours' sermons of the Puritans two centuries ago—it came from sentiment passing into character—it came from ideas passing into nature and prejudice. Man, in the moment of crisis, did not act from thought, but from habit and instinct. What wrong was there in a prejudice in favour of liberty—in favour of human rights—in favour of God and against the devil (laughter and applause)? He would have the people learn to loathe the sight of a man that lived on the unpaid toil of his fellow (applause). He would have the Massachusetts pine bow down in indignation when he approached. He would make the breezes of the White Mountains blow him off the shore (laughter). He so disliked the neighbourhood of Carolina that he would float her out like an iceberg into the Gulf stream and let her settle there into everlasting oblivion (laughter and applause). Our fathers laboured to be decent in the sisterhood of States, but now there was scarcely a hand among the swarming millions of this mighty republic that a decent man can clasp, except that of a slave; there was not one that did not drip with the blood of millions which made the flag of the nation heavy as it sank down by the staff. He would like to make New York politics care no more for the opinion of New Orleans than it did for Liverpool. He would break the political connection between New York and New Orleans, while the same business connection remained, just as it existed between New York and Liverpool. Let Liverpool undertake to dictate to New York and every filing of iron that existed in New York would point northward. Not so with New Orleans; the difference was very marked.

He would defy any one to find a nation on the face of the earth, within the girdle of Christianity, that betrayed such an obliquity of moral vision among its leading men as this. He would take Wm. H. Seward, because he was the best (applause)—why should he not take the best as an illustration?—Mr. Seward never yet denied that the Constitution had unrighteous and pro-slavery clauses in it, and yet there were clauses in it that he would cut off his right hand rather than obey, though he had sworn to support it. That was American statesmanship. No Englishman ever avowed that his government was wrong and then supported it; no Frenchman ever avowed that his emperor was a scamp and then swore allegiance to him. Arago, the head of science, was asked to acknowledge, by an oath, the existence of the titled assassin of France, and he refused—and all Europe said, Amen. In America, he who refused allegiance to the government was a fanatic, over-scrupulous, and people asked him where he picked up such an absurd idea.

Then, coming down to the level of the masses of men, the New York *Observer* found fault with *The Independent* for maintaining that a Christian ought not to obey a wicked law. With 1,857 years of Christianity, with 40,000 Churches in the land, the American pulpit, which is perfectly certain that dancing is a sin, has not had time to find out whether a Christian ought to obey a wicked law or not (applause), but waits for further light and wants time for discussion. He would like to take some recreant Doctor of Divinity by the nape of the neck and lead him out by the line of crosses that stretches out miles from Rome, on each of which hung, in the third century, a Christian body, dead and set on fire by the emperor, because they would not acknowledge a law that they thought wicked (applause). He would like to have Dr. Spring preach to a Brick Church audience, on the duty of obeying a law that they thought wicked, by the light of the burning Christians whom Domitian dipped in pitch and set on fire at twilight, because they would not acknowledge him for emperor (applause).

Mr. Phillips then proceeded to demonstrate that the South was bankrupt, and not able to buy the crutches with which to walk out of the Union. A million of people in Massachusetts, working, day and night, with hand and brain, were able to lay up only a net profit of from four to six per cent. What, then, could be expected of South Carolina, with one-half of the population—the whites—performing no labour, and the black population only one-third the labour of a freeman? At best it was as if one-quarter were working to support the three-quarters. Of course South Carolina was bankrupt. What could South Carolina do to sustain a separate government, with such a population?

With some further remarks in this strain, and an apology for appealing to such low motives, Mr. Phillips concluded his speech.

Adjourned till Wednesday morning.

SECOND DAY—MORNING SESSION.

The meeting was called to order, a few minutes past 10 o'clock, by the President.

On motion of Samuel May, Jr., the following committee was appointed to nominate officers of the Society for the ensuing year:

Samuel May, Jr., of Mass.; Thomas Whitson, of Pa. Pliny Sexton, of Palmyra; Lydia Mott, of Albany; Thomas Garrett, of Del.; Marius R. Robinson, of Ohio; Charles C. Burleigh, of Conn. N. R. Johnston, of Vt., Andrew T. Foss, of N. H.

At the same time the following officers were chosen for the present:

Secretaries, pro. tem.—A. M. Powell, Henrietta W. Johnson.
Finance Committee—Susan B. Anthony, Abby Kelley Foster.

On motion of Mrs. Foster, the hour of 11 1-2 o'clock was fixed as the order of the day for the financial business.

The President then introduced to the audience, as the first speaker, Andrew T. Foss, of New Hampshire.

SPEECH OF MR. FOSS.

It has been said by two of the speakers on this occasion (Mr. Phillips and Mr. Garrison) that we are in the midst of a revolution. Many years ago it was announced by Henry Clay, in the United States Senate, that this country was in the midst of a revolution, and I suppose it was true. But his was a revolution of a very different character from the present. It made very little difference whether that revolution went on or fell through, because it was a revolution of a financial character. We have had a number of revolutions; they date back as early as 1776; and each one was deemed important in its day. But I deem the present revolution as of more importance than them all. In Mr. Clay's revolution nothing was involved but dollars and cents, and in the revolution of 1776 only the question of national independence was involved; in this revolution the rights of man as man, not in his associated, but in his individual capacity, are involved; therefore this is the greatest revolution the world was ever called to witness.

This revolution is the legitimate fruit of the government which our fathers made. I know it is treading on dangerous ground to criticise the fathers, because they are generally believed to have been perfect men, but I consider that our fathers did a very wrong and wicked work, and therefore I deem it my duty to say so. If a father desires the respect and approbation of his son, he must do what is respectable and right; respect is due to no man unless he deserves it. I do not mean to say that our fathers are not entitled to our respect for their good acts, but simply that they are not to be approved for their wrong acts. Now, in making this government they did a very wrong act, and we, their children, are reaping the fruits of their doings. Every man of them knew it was wrong to enter into a compact with slavery, but they deemed it safer to do wrong than right, and the American people have followed their example ever since. We talk about the Jesuits; there never was such a nation of Jesuits as the American people; they have always acted upon the Jesuitical maxim that the end sanctifies the means, and that it is better to do wrong than right under certain circumstances. The framers of the Constitution acted upon this maxim, and every one who goes for the Union of these States with slavery acts Jesuitically. I make free, therefore, to criticise the fathers; and if their spirits are hovering over this assembly and listening to these criticisms, I don't know that they could be better employed; and I am sure they will be better pleased with my honest, manly criticism than with the fulsome adulations that are usually beslavered upon their memory. I want my son to be a better man than I am; if he is a new edition, I want him revised and corrected; and I think our fathers would have no objection to their sons being better men than they were. We certainly ought to be better, because we have opportunities and advantages that they had not.

Our fathers did a very wicked thing when they consented to the continuance of the slave trade for twenty years. They did a very wicked thing when they stipulated for the rendition of fugitive slaves. Would it have been any more wrong for George the Third to have hunted and caught George Washington and put chains on his limbs than for Washington to catch fugitive slaves and put chains on their limbs? And yet that is what Gen. Washington did when he signed his name to the Fugitive Slave law of 1793. I am proud of all the good he did, but I am mortified and ashamed of that act, and I hope he repented of it.

Our fathers believed that slavery would in a few years come to an end, but in this they were mistaken. It was all in vain, for the government which they formed could produce no other result than that which it has produced. They cast the seed of slavery into the soil and it was vain for them to expect to reap liberty. Our Republicans think that if they could get the government back again to what it was in the days of Washington and Jefferson, they could make the machine produce a different result. What assurance have you of that? When they undertook to run the machine, there were only a half a million of slaves; now there are four millions. Then the great interests of industry were not controlled by slavery; now they are. Then the public sentiment and the religious sentiment were not debauched as they now are. And if they could not keep slavery sectional when it was already so, how can you expect to make it sectional when it has become national?

But the truth is, the government is not out of order; it is running as it was made to run; it could not possibly run differently. A man who builds a mill and puts the wheel below the level of the water cannot expect that the water will disobey nature's law of gravitation. What would you think of a man doing such a foolish thing and then getting an act of Congress passed declaring that hereafter water shall run up hill, in order to make the wheel go, and then getting the President to sign it, and then the Supreme Court to pronounce it constitutional (laughter), and then the clergy to say there is no higher law (renewed laughter and applause)?

It is in vain to attempt to go against the laws of Jehovah; if you want to be successful, you must put yourselves in true relation to His laws. Your compromises are in vain; what God has separated you cannot unite. There has been no peace nor harmony in this government, and will be none while the Union lasts.

If the Union of these States had not been formed, there would have been no increase of slavery. There was a disposition at the time, as everybody knows, to get rid of slavery, but the formation of the Union was the perpetuation of slavery. It was because the Union was formed that Louisiana was purchased, that Florida was purchased, and Texas annexed. And now, if the Union were dissolved, I have the testimony of distinguished statesmen, North and South, that slavery could not live a single year, and among the rest I have the testimony of Henry Wilson on this subject. How long do you suppose South Carolina could protect herself against slave insurrections without the Union? The slaves would need no other weapons than those nature has given them to obtain their freedom; if it was refused then, they would thrust their stalwart fingers in the hair of those lily-fingered gentry, their masters, and twist off their necks (laughter). Don't understand me as saying that the American Anti-Slavery Society is in favour of twisting off the necks of the Southern gentlemen; nobody is responsible for this sentiment but myself. I am no non-resistant; though I was twenty-five years in the pulpit, I have not attained that degree of grace yet (laughter). I admire those who have attained to it; but, since I have not, it's no use making any profession of what is not in me; and I say that, rather than be a slave, I would twist off anybody's neck that attempted to enslave me (applause).

The speaker then made some estimate of the probable increase of the slave population in time to come, and the inevitable consequences that must ensue from keeping them in bondage. The only practicable plan in meeting the slavery question was the dissolution of the Union. For that purpose all that was necessary was a disregard of the compacts with slavery, a simple withdrawal of the support of the North. People said that the Abolitionists were impracticable, and yet they were not so far in advance of the public sentiment but that the people kept constantly within cursing distance. The position of the political anti-slavery parties reminded him of the Yankee boy who used every year, at just the same season, to bring the heads of three or four wolves and get his bounty of $20 a head. At length he was asked how he always happened to bring just so many and no more every year. He said he knew where there was a den and he got the whelps every year. "Why don't you destroy the old wolves?" they asked him. "Why," said he, "then I shan't get any more whelps" (laughter). The Republican party was for letting the old wolves alone and catching the young ones, but, the miserable hunters, they hadn't even caught the first whelp yet (laughter). Mr. Banks, in a speech in New York, subscribed to the Compromise of 1850, and, by so doing, the Fugitive Slave bill. John P. Hale went to Washington with a large rotund body and a manly soul, but, with the poison of the National Hotel and the poison in Congress, he had returned to New Hampshire shrivelled both in body and soul. Charles Sumner stood the contest nobly, but got a broken head. Dissolution was the only practicable remedy. If that was treason, so be it; there was salvation, then, but in treason. Every worthy reformer in every age had been a traitor to tyrannical governments and an infidel to a corrupt religion.

In conclusion, Mr. Foss adverted to the position of the Tract Society in reference to slavery and of the Church generally. Dr. Spring stood up in his pulpit and said that the natural condition of the coloured man was one of servitude. That was ecclesiastical parlance; come down to the vernacular of the grog-shop and it would be this: "The d—n nigger is fit for nothing but a slave." Both meant the same thing. He denounced such religion as that; the devil would hold a festival when men professing such a religion held their anniversary meetings (applause).

Mrs. Foster followed with a few remarks and an appeal for contributions, after which she passed through the audience for that purpose.

Mr. Garrison meanwhile made a further appeal.

The audience were then addressed by the Rev. Octavius B. Frothingham, of Jersey City.

(CONTINUED ON SECOND PAGE.)

☞ The Annual Meeting of the "Friends of Human Progress" will be held at the Junius Meeting-house, Waterloo, Seneca Co., New York, commencing on the 7th day of June next.

On behalf of the Yearly Meeting, we invite all who feel that true and acceptable worship consists in something better than empty creeds and stereotyped forms to mingle with us on the occasion.

Our object in thus assembling ourselves together is not to create a wordy form of Religion, but, in the social communion of soul with soul, endeavour to eliminate Truth and bring it to bear upon the evils that so crush humanity in this age.

Our meetings, heretofore, have been replete with interest, and we doubt not that all who fully believe that a true love to God and a Christian life are alone exhibited in fruits of practical goodness will find they have been amply repaid for the time spent.

For those coming on the cars conveyances will be in attendance to take them to homes near the meeting-house (about two miles from the village of Waterloo), and we can assure our friends that hearts and house-room await all who will be with us. Strangers inquiring at the depot for James Truman will receive all necessary directions. Communications for the meeting should also be addressed to him.

On behalf of the Yearly Meeting,

C. D. B. Mills,	Josephine Shotwell,
James Truman,	Phebe Dean,
Mary A. Truman,	Reuben P. Mosher.